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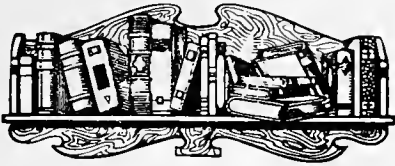
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But youth cannot succeed if it fails to observe principles which the older generation has merely professed. We never can and never will have honest government until the individual is honest. We cannot have international peace until we have domestic peace between individuals. Not just a form of suppressed hate, but free from malice, full of understanding, a good neighbor.

But what can the individual do about it? Well, each can live out standards known to be right and just. Peace can never be obtained through war; nor justice through hate. If we live up to a standard of truth honesty and good will, that's our share. We must not be fussing about the other fellow doing the wrong thing, if we ourselves are doing it.

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COLLEGIAN, 1937

Published by the Students' Council of the Stratford Collegiate-Vocational Institute



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W. L. SPRUNG, B.A., *Principal*

Foreword

BY PRINCIPAL W. L. SPRUNG



WE have reached the moment at which, following the established custom, the student-body and staff of Stratford Collegiate-Vocational Institute, through their yearly publication of the "Collegian," offer to the public at large an account of the school's progress and activities during the past year as well as a few words of final counsel to the graduating classes as they leave to seek fame and fortune. No greater privilege could be given one than to write to you as you turn from study and play to face the world which you must endeavour to lead. I always appreciate the opportunity of writing a foreword for this magazine. May success crown the efforts of the editor and his staff.

The strength of any educational institution's support lies in the conviction of the citizens that support it that it is wisely and usefully serving the highest needs of the community. If this service is to continue, there must be constant self-examination on the part of the school to determine whether it is meeting the requirements of the new days and whether its growth is healthy and in the right direction. In the end, social institutions prosper or wane in accordance with their social usefulness. No institution can today afford simply to rest on a tradition of former usefulness, nor can it rely merely on conformity to a standardised pattern. Strength, and in the end support, will come with vitality and originality. Yet one must beware in making changes that fundamental ideals are not lost.

One broad aim of a liberal education is to prepare men and women for the intelligent and effective discharge of citizenship. Beyond all other forms of government a democracy rests on an educated body of citizens. The schools have an increasing responsibility and opportunity to preserve a sane democracy. Undergraduates must be so trained, so stimulated to think for themselves, and so familiarised with the best thought of the past and present, that they may be adjusted to the life which as graduates they must presently live in this perplexing world. If a social or economic order under which free men and women can live is to be maintained in the world, clear thinking must prevail over prejudice and emotion. It is one of the chief tasks of any school to promote and protect this intellectual clarity which alone will preserve our inherited political and religious freedom.

Most students go to a secondary school because they believe that it is the best preparation for life. Ruskin describes education as "leading human souls to what is best and making what is best out of them." Imparting information and many other factors such as training in accurate thinking, in concentration, the cultivation of taste, physical development, etc., are by no means to be neglected, but the primary purpose of education, as contrasted with technical training, ought always to be to reveal values. Such development comes through long-continued, conscientious study and contemplation, and never through "short courses" and other "get-rich-quick" schemes.

Many of us may have very erroneous ideas of what education ought to be but one of the functions of a school should be to correct these notions. Obviously the first requisite for this is that the school itself has a clear conception of the nature and purpose of life and what preparation for life requires. The second is for students to strive to adhere to the ideals and principles for which the school

stands. Students should regard each day's work as a new adventure into unknown fields, which it really is, for one of the pleasantest features of school life is the infinite variety, the new aspects, the new outlooks met daily. If you do this, you may not make any great contribution to the world's store of knowledge, but you are certain to contribute to your own pleasure in your chosen work.

What students value most highly—what they really value in their hearts, not what they may profess to value—determines what they will seek from life, how hard they will be willing to work for it and what sacrifices they will make to gain it. Their standards of values determine their actions in things great and small. Their manners, for example, will depend upon whether they rank courtesy and consideration for others above or below their own comfort and indulgence. If they place money above all else, they will sooner or later break their word for what seems an immediate advantage. If they rate adherence to their code as ladies and gentlemen, above any material gain whatever, they will refuse a fortune for a fine point of honour. Their conduct is their standards of values in action. It is upon this that their happiness in life depends for it not only determines their actions but also the values they ascribe to whatever life may bring.

THE BURIAL OF TECUMSEH

By Wm. Buchner, 4A.

For the gloomy forests' darkest depths,
With silent steps, they made;
There, gently on the woodland's leaves,
Their chieftain down they laid.

Their chieftain, who on that day had fought
To stop the dreaded foe,
Made mere red clay by bullet, sought
His resting place below.

The soft cool earth was swift upturned
With hatchets tinted red,
For a foeman's life had paid that day
For each dark drop he shed.

Ere they laid him in that dreary bed,
Their last tribute, they paid;
And many a man in anguish died,
For many a vow they made.

Then one by one and with many a sigh
Toward forest depths they turned;
And left behind one chieftain brave
Deep in the sleep he earned.

Tecumseh died a warrior's death,
And earned a noble grave,
In a land whose flag will always be
The one he died to save.



COLLEGIAN STAFF, 1937

FRONT ROW—Enid Rodgers, Mary Harrison, Marion Pawson, Isobel Heideman, Jean Robertson, Jessiemae Haynes, Vera Knaek,
Marion Forbeck
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Patterson
THIRD ROW—Robert Coghill, William Stadleman, Ivan Coleman, Edward Greenwood, James O'Donoghue, Robert Killer.

Editorials

A BETTER OBSERVANCE OF REMEMBRANCE DAY



It is becoming more and more evident that we, the youth of this land, are forgetting those who fell in the Great War. We regard the deeds of those who died as mere incidents in history and except for those who lost their father or some close relative, we are growing careless in our respect for the memory of the dead and for their bereaved relatives. This disrespect is being fostered by the haphazard way in which Remembrance Day is being observed.

The ceremony at our own Cenotaph is a very fitting one, but I believe that there is room for much improvement. To begin with, Remembrance Day is set aside as a statutory holiday by the Dominion government and there should be no bickerings about whether stores and schools should remain open or close on that day. The merchants should forget for one day their greedy competition and this child-like spirit of "I will shut down if you will," which shows us such a bad example. How can they blame us for indifference while they themselves set us a poor example?

The schools should open at nine o'clock as usual, and for an hour the teachers should explain the reasons for, and the history of the ceremony. At ten-thirty, all the schools should send their pupils to the War Memorial to participate in the public service there.

The service that generally takes place at the Cenotaph can not be improved upon in my estimation, although an adequate system of amplifiers should be set up to enable the people farthest from the Memorial to hear even the weakest voice.

The crowd should be ranged around the Memorial in regular rows with the smaller children in front, from which vantage point they would be influenced more by the service. Dogs, whether on a leash or not, should not be allowed in or near the crowd, as their barking and growling annoys the on-lookers and distracts their attention from the ceremony.

While honouring the war heroes, we should not forget to honour those who died while serving their country in time of peace. Such men as scientists, policemen killed when on duty, and missionaries should not be forgotten. For this reason, I think we should hold in Canada a National Remembrance Day similar to the French "Jour des Morts" when not only are the war dead honoured, but the graves of civilians are decorated with flowers.

Another point of difference between Canadians and Frenchmen is the way the French respect a funeral procession. In Canada, when a youth raises his hat when the procession passes, he is laughed at by older men and women who stare only out of curiosity or else pay no attention at all.

This attitude is not right on the part of the adults, and if they expect us to show reverence for the dead, they will first have to change their own attitude, because we do not like to be mocked.

BY H. THOMSON, 5A.

BREAKFAST OR NO BREAKFAST?

(As several Collegiate students are known to come to school without breakfast, Ruth Colclough and Betty Challenger, 3A, have interviewed several local doctors on the effect of this practice.)

Upon investigation we find that the medical men are unanimous in deciding that it is unwise for a student to go to school in the morning without his or her breakfast.

A high school student must eat food not only to provide for the worn out tissue occasioned by the daily activity of his body, but he must also provide for material necessary to physical growth. If the morning meal is skipped, we find that the time from the last meal the night before is so long that it causes a complete disorganization of the digestive tract.

We are also advised that even though there was no apparent injury, nature creates a false symptom so that when dinner time arrives the student does not feel normally hungry. If this is not the case when dinner time comes the student is abnormally hungry and will over eat or eat too fast with distressing results.

In addition to this the student cannot give his best attention to his work unless he enjoys perfect health with no unusual physical or mental condition. A hungry student naturally cannot give his best attention to the work before him.

Hunger alone would be the least of the physical discomforts, for a student missing his breakfast is apt to feel nauseated or even weak. If he is in this condition, it is very evident he will not be in a position to carry on his studies satisfactorily.

Breakfast should be a well ordered, not a hurried meal. It ought to be of a light nature and eaten slowly. If too much is eaten and the stomach is overburdened, attention cannot be given to regular studies. It would be wise to eat one hour before studies commence. All hurry, fuss, and worry about exams and studies ought to be carefully avoided.

Therefore, pathologically, normal routine in all affairs is much to be desired.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE.

Conditions to-day in Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia, England and United States lead the average High School student to believe that there is little hope for his future. Spain, with her civil war constantly stealing the front pages of every newspaper on the continent, presents a very black picture. In that country, brothers are fighting against brothers in a seemingly futile attempt to establish a different form of government.

On the other hand in Italy the government is set but there is still strife amongst her people. She is striving for more territory in order to have a place to send her surplus population and also a source of raw materials which are necessary in war-time.

Conditions in Germany are somewhat similar. Mussolini and Hitler have established themselves at the heads of these two respective countries and by striking fear into the hearts of their own people have been successful in building up strong armies, navies and air forces. It has been said that the people of Germany do not approve of Hitler's tactics but they are so afraid of punishment that they do not dare object.

By establishing communism, Russia has become more or less detached from the other nations. Conditions in that country are most depressing although credit must be given to her in her attempt to better conditions within.

Turning now to United States, we find an entirely different situation. Her greatest difficulty lies in her large industries. Strikes have occurred in almost all of her large corporations. The men, dissatisfied with working conditions and generally sick of the depressing times, have become very temperamental. They are constantly on the look-out for an opportunity to stop work and to cause a general tie-up in the country.

All this is most depressing to the average High School student. His outlook on life is naturally one of despair. He believes that his chances of being successful in such a world are very small. The growth of communism, socialism, fascism leads him to believe that there is no place for democracy in this world.

(Continued on Page 66)



GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA

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 THIRD ROW—E. Ney, A. Baker, H. Schmidt, M. Erb, M. Landers, S. Swartridge, S. Holmes, N. Harris, J. Pinner, M. Finch, M. Sloan, J. Thompson, J. Glabb.
 FOURTH ROW—D. Cunningham, M. Myers, M. Inglis, R. Klopp, A. Kidnew, R. Haus, M. Jasper, F. Spence-ly, J. Collins, A. Couch, J. Stewart, S. Smith, K. Pope.
 FIFTH ROW—J. O'Donoghue, S. Morris, L. Gilroy, A. Schaus, K. Ward, H. Thomson, E. Holliday, J. Martyn, R. Frost, C. Montgomery, K. Cunningham.

The Orchestra consists of 25 members. The string section is well represented but there is a lack of brass and woodwind instruments. Three members of the orchestra took part in the annual O.E.A. symphony in Toronto. The newly organized Glee Club consists of fifty members. The Glee Club and Orchestra gave many delightful selections at the Literary Societies and elsewhere in the city. The two organizations contributed to the success of the play.

Valedictory, 1937

BY JOHN GERBY, 5A.

"Time and Tide wait for no Man!"



FIVE or six fleeting years have sped past and now we are nearing the end of our Collegiate days.

What a change these few short years have made in all of us! From shy, reticent and timorous freshmen, we have become, shall we say, "lofty, dignified and learned" seniors, proud members of the eighty-third graduating class of the Stratford Collegiate. All this effrontery is, however, only a covering—a very thin covering—which we have assumed to hide our real feeling—a tightening of the throat. All of us must experience this same feeling, when we realize that in a few short months our "school days," which, we are told, are the happiest days of our lives, must come to an end. What we so eagerly imagined as children is not true! We are not glad to be leaving school!

In time to come, we shall look back on these years and shall cherish their many pleasant memories. Perhaps, it will be the "At Home" that will stand out most clearly in our minds, or the "Operetta," or more likely, the many rugby and basketball games! Foremost, too, in the minds of many of us will be that last hurried week of studying, the examinations, the successes and failures! Whatever it may be, we shall all remember that each succeeding year brought with it more pleasures, new friends, fresh difficulties which we struggled with and finally overcame.

At the present time, being in our senior year, we are better able to realize our mistake in not using to the best of our advantage every opportunity which was offered to us to increase our knowledge. And so, if it is fitting to give advice to you who are just beginning your High School training, we would advise you not to make the same mistake which many of us have made, but rather to be real school citizens!

Now, too, we realize more fully the debt which we owe to all of our teachers. In return for the knowledge which they have imparted to us, in return for the high examples which they have set and last but not least important, for the patience which they have shown with us, all we can do is thank them. With this in mind, the graduating class of '37 take this opportunity of thanking each member of the staff for his invaluable instruction and sound advice.

The greatest desire of every graduating class is to achieve something worth while, which will be of importance to the school as a whole and by which their class may be remembered. For this reason, this year's graduating class point with pride to the successful inauguration of the "Student Parliament." However, we have merely made a beginning and much of the success or failure of the parliament depends on those students who are to follow.

It is indeed during rather difficult times that we leave the protecting wing of the Collegiate "to embark on the sea of life." Some of the more fortunate will continue their studies in universities or in Normal schools. Others will go out to face the problems of life on their own resources. But whatever the future may hold for us, we are most fortunate in that we have received a splendid preparation

and if we, as is fitting, apply the "golden rules" which we have learned, along with perseverance and industry in our daily work, we must achieve success.

A famous man once said, "Genius is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration." Besides,

"Incentives come from the soul's self,
The rest avail not."

Also, we must set our minds upon some lofty goal, for "a man's reach should exceed his grasp." And if, in our struggles, we encounter serious difficulties and are not always as successful as we may wish, let us remember the words of Browning:

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough!
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.

HER PRAYER

By Cynthia Carter, 2A.

Mildawna made a prayer—
It was a simple thing. She prayed
That everyone would be so glad
That flowers bloom and robins sing,
That no one ever would be bad.

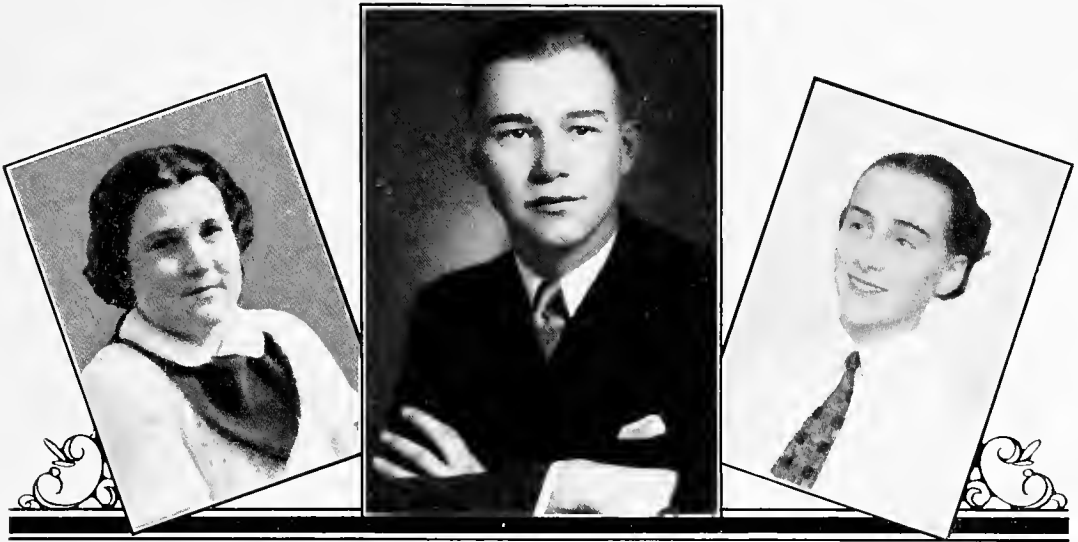
And God—He heard her prayer—
A silver fairy hovered near
And changed each word into a dove
Which flew with snowy wings to
The Saviour in the sky above.

And when God heard her prayer—
A hundred thousand angels sang
A solemn anthem loud and strong,
And, to the cold earth, far below,
Fell fluttering fragments of the song.

And then, Mildawna's prayer—
It found a way into a heart
That hitherto was drab and gray,
And, like a breath of summer breeze,
It blew the sordidness away.

Mildawna made a prayer—
And little thought of what she did.
But once, when she was gazing far
Into the boundless sky of night,
She smiled—and saw a pale white star.

Scholarships



MARGARET PLETSCHE, winner of the Waterloo Trust Scholarship at the Senior Matriculation Examination, 1936.

ERNEST SMITH, winner of the James Harris Scholarship offered by the University of Toronto at the Senior Matriculation Examination, and the Carter Scholarship for the County of Perth.

RUTH COLCLOUGH, winner of the Muriel Bothwell Scholarship in Domestic Science, 1936.

THE ONTARIO BOYS' PARLIAMENT

During this school year, a great many honours have been brought to the school through the successes of students in activities outside the school itself. Perhaps the greatest of these is the honour which Kenneth Ingham brings to the school by being chosen premier of the Seventeenth Boys' Parliament.

Ken has been active in all school activities. He has proved indispensable to the rugby and hockey teams of the school; he has been a capable leader of the opposition in the school Parliament and he has shown high scholastic ability. Outside the school, he is well known for his activity in Tuxis and Trail Ranger groups. Ken was first elected to the Older Boys' Parliament three years ago, and since that time, has had a major part in each session. In the sixteenth session, he acted as leader of the Opposition, and at that time was elected to be the next premier. The importance of such a position can be realized only if something is known of the Parliament itself.

The proposal for an Older Boys' Parliament was first made by Professor Taylor Statten of Pickering College, Newmarket. The first Parliament met in 1919, and a session has been held annually ever since. The Parliament convenes in Toronto, the meetings being held

either in the Building of the University of Toronto, or in the Parliament Buildings.

The aims of the parliament, may be roughly grouped into three; to train the youth for democracy; to build up leaders of boys to be leaders of men in the future, and to foster clear logical thinking. The Parliament itself is the governing body of all Tuxis and Trail Ranger groups. It is organized on a non-party basis, and its members are nominated by the groups of organized boys. The candidates for premier are chosen and voted upon in the final session of parliament, and the elected premier's runner-up becomes leader of the opposition in the next session. This gives the leaders a full year in which to prepare for their duties.

The work of the parliament is satisfactorily exemplified by the activities of the sixteenth session. During that session, a Finance Bill and an Organization Act were passed. At one sitting, liquor control was discussed; at another, the discussion of world peace proved to be one of the most interesting and heated debates of the session.

The work of the Ontario Boys' Parliament has been very successful in the past. We sincerely hope the coming season, with Kenneth Ingham at the controls, will be as successful.

—Ivan Coleman

Literary Section

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

By Margaret Graff, 2B.

Situated on the beautiful Ottawa River, is the city of Ottawa, capital of our Dominion. From a little village of a few settlers, it has grown to be one of the greatest cities in Canada, our national city, and the only Royal Court in America. Many buildings, among them, the Parliament buildings, the Museum, the Art galleries, and the Chateau Laurier, add to the natural beauty of the city. From whatever angle Ottawa is approached, the Parliament buildings, and more particularly the Peace Tower, stand out above everything else. They are on Parliament Hill, the highest ground in the city. Built of gray stone, their Gothic architecture, towers, turrets, and pointed arches give them an air of traditional dignity and charm.

Going in by the main entrance, at the base of the Peace Tower, the visitor finds himself in a beautiful circular chamber called the Confederation Hall. From a central pillar, arches branch out to the carved ceiling and are then joined to smaller pillars throughout the hall. This symbolizes the inter-relationships of the Empire: the big pillar representing Great Britain, and the smaller ones, the British dominions beyond the seas.

From the Confederation Hall, the visitor goes to the Hall of Fame, in which it is intended, some day, to place the bronze figures of celebrated men and women in Canadian history. Just as it is at present, it is beautiful with its Gothic arches and columns, and reminds the visitor of a Cathedral.

The Hall of Fame leads into the famous Parliamentary Library, which contains almost a million books. This is the only part of the buildings saved from the great fire in 1916. It is a lofty room, one hundred and fifty feet high; the interior is made of richly carved pine. In the centre, on a high pedestal, is the quaint marble figure of Queen Victoria as a young girl.

In addition to these rooms and the Peace Tower, there are the chambers where the laws of the country are made. These are the Commons' chamber and the Senate chamber. The Commons is a beautiful room with stone walls and high, arched windows. Because of its

green carpeting and upholstering, it is known as the Green Chamber, to distinguish it from the Senate which is called the Red Chamber. Above the Speaker's chair, behind five arches, are the visitors' galleries, where the public may listen to the debates of parliament. Along each side of the room, are arranged, according to parties, the desks of the members. Only two women members have ever sat in the House of Commons; these are Miss Agnes Macphail and Mrs. George Black. A long barrel-like corridor leads the way from the Commons to the Senate. As the Senate corresponds to the British House of Lords, something of the traditional British dignity clings to it. The walls are hung with royal portraits. The richly carved Speaker's chair, under its embroidered canopy, was a gift from the English Parliament. The crown above it was carved from oak in Westminster Hall, and dates back to the time of King William Rufus. Only two women have ever been appointed to the Senate. They are Mrs. Cairine Wilson and Mrs. Fallis.

At the end of the Great War, when the buildings were still being rebuilt after the fire, it was decided to make the Peace Tower a memorial to the war dead, and a symbol of the nation's desire for peace. It is three hundred feet high and one of the really fine towers of America. As well as being a national shrine, it is a bell-tower and a clock-tower.

The Memorial Chamber is guarded by great wrought-iron gates. Inside, it is richly ornamented with carved stone and stained glass. In the centre, is the altar-stone, mounted on a gold framework with carved figures of kneeling angels at each corner. In this will be placed the Book of Remembrance which will bear the names of sixty thousand Canadian men who died in the war. There are three stained glass windows set in recesses behind Gothic arches. The walls of these recesses are inscribed in stone with the story of Canada's part in the Great War. Opposite the door, is a carved quotation of the poem "In Flanders Fields." The ceiling is carved like a fan, and the floor is made of stones from the battle-fields where Canadians fought.

In the tower, immediately above the Memorial Chamber, hang fifty-three bells. The largest one weighs twenty-two thousand, four hundred pounds and the smallest, ten pounds. An elevator takes visitors up through the tower and stops at various intervals in the bell chamber, so that the bells can be seen through wide glass doors.

Far above the bells, is the clock with its four huge dials. From the clock chamber are exits from which can be seen four beautiful views of the city of Ottawa and the valley of the great river.

THE ROBIN

By Norman Carnegie, 2A.

There is a robin in the tree,
I hope of course, you all will see,
He sings his merry, merry song,
From morn till night, the whole day long.

His many little sparkling notes,
Give us all our needed hopes,
He sings his jolly, little tune,
I hope of course we'll all hear soon.

The robin lifts his sweet proud face,
Down by the river's shady place.
He lifts his little head to spy,
To see if we are passing by.

The bird sits in your flower-bed
And waits for you to feed him bread,
He takes your cherries, and you object,
But he's a friend you must protect.

He warns with his quiet call,
That he is leaving in the fall,
Next year, we'll hear his cheery call,
From morn till night, from spring to fall.

"Bob" Killer, at desk of Hotel, to visitor:
"May I ask what that strange thing is you're carrying under your arm?"

Visitor: "This is a new fire escape. I always carry it so in case of fire I can let myself down from the window."

"Bob": Oh, I see, but, by the way, our terms for guests with fire escapes are cash, in advance.

Coghill: "Say what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?"

Johnston: "You wouldn't want your new suit to get wet, would you?"

OUR CITY—STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

By Winnifred Conyard, 4A.

The city of Stratford-on-Avon is said to be one of the cleanest in the province of Ontario. It is healthy, too, because the altitude exceeds that of any other in the province, and the water supply, which is obtained from artesian wells, is the best. People notice its beauty, too, by the lovely tree-shaded streets, and the gardens as well as the parks and the river Avon. When the townships were marked off it was found that those of which Stratford is a part met at one point at the centre of the city, which is the Post Office. This is the main reason why, in Stratford, the streets run diagonally from the Post Office for they form the boundaries of the townships. Some of these main streets have a rather peculiar origin; Erie Street is thus named because it runs toward Lake Erie; likewise Ontario Street because it runs toward Lake Ontario, and Huron Street because it runs toward Lake Huron. Smaller streets in Stratford have been named after saints, such as St. Andrew and St. Patrick.

Over one hundred years ago, in eighteen thirty-two, when the site of this city was marked only by one or two shanties as a half-way mark between Goderich and Guelph, the land was swampy, covered with black ash, soft elm, hemlock and soft maple with a muddy little stream ambling through it. The Canada Company, however, chose this spot as a stopping-off place because it was the place where the road and stream met and could be noticed. The name given to it then was "Little Thames." The site of Stratford was really determined by a broken wheel which shows that the selection was really due to chance. One day in June the wheel of a wagon belonging to a traveller, J. A. McCarthy, was broken at this place and he was forced to stop. He found a couple of shanties and an old foot bridge but he saw that there was a possibility for water power in the small river so he stayed and helped the progress of our city. As "Little Thames" grew, it was given the name "Stratford" because it was confused with "Big Thames"—a town a few miles away. The name, Stratford, means a street or a road and a ford which the place certainly was, but one of the men who named it, a Commissioner named Jones in the Canada Co., had in mind the great English dramatist, and so named the place and the river in Shakespeare's honour. Thus the first frame building was named

the Shakespeare Hotel and Mr. Jones presented the Shakespearean proprietor with an oil painting of Shakespeare to hang outside the hotel. To preserve this Shakespearean connection the seven public schools and wards of our city, and also several streets, have been given Shakespearean names. Our river has been beautified to resemble the Avon in England and recently a Shakespearean Garden has been opened. When Stratford celebrated its centenary the Mayor and Mayoress of Stratford-upon-Avon sent their congratulations to this city, saying that they admired the clever way in which the people "had made the best of the equivalent to Shakespeare's soft-flowing Avon," which shows how beautiful the Avon is.

When people come to this city and hear the names of our public schools they are very amused, but it has been suggested that these great names have had an effect on the minds of our citizens and have produced a greater civic pride. Each ward of this city has a beautiful park and play ground.

One of the most outstanding features of Stratford is its parks system. Our park is one of the largest, most beautiful and most extensively patronized in Ontario and tourists turn aside miles to see Stratford parks. Much money was spent in buying land around the river and hiring architects but the parks system progressed. It began when the Mayor created a Parks Board in accordance with the Park Act of Ontario. The Board was very enthusiastic about this plan to beautify the city and set to work at once to make plans, hire land architects and purchase land. Many people were against the plans made by the architects and some thought they were dreams that would never be realized. However the Board carried on with their work and year by year added more complete work to their plans.

After the first year of work, trouble arose when the C.P.R. wished to purchase Park land on the north side of the river. The Parks Board was opposed but as no agreement could be made they continued their work on only one part of the park. In the year 1909 the C.P.R. dropped the matter and the Board went on with their work. With the late Mr. McLagan as chairman and Mr. R. T. Orr as secretary, a new concrete dam was built in place of the old wooden one and the work of dredging the river commenced. They wished to widen it out at a certain place so that there would be a continual flow of water over the dam. Owing to the lack of money, the work was delayed for

a year. Later a boat-house was built and road improvements along the river were made. After many hardships concerning land and money, trees were planted along the river and a boat, the "Juliet," which is still running was purchased along with several canoes. A drive had also been built along the river.

All these men on the Parks Board in earlier years really accomplished something for in not many years, the Avon had been dredged and cleaned, the island cleared and trees, shrubs and flowers planted on it. The river banks were cleaned and drives and walks constructed. Rock gardens were built and new islands were made by clearing the river and its banks, and these were joined to the mainland by rustic wooden bridges. Along the now beautiful Avon many vistas have been created, and large willows and shrubs hang gracefully over its banks. Rich green lawns stretch to the water's edge. Bathing houses have been built and also a shell bandstand beside the river. From one side of the river behind the Post Office, Victoria Park, where rock gardens and stepping-stone walks have been built one can see, from park benches, across Lake Victoria to the bathing beach and the bathing house. Then, too, there is the pergola, only recently built, by the cement dam and the bathing beach. Beyond this pergola there are shrubs and flowers and a new beautiful swimming pool built by the Lions Club which every one enjoys. Then, if you walk along the river drive towards Queen's Park you will see, beside the river the shell bandstand where the people of Stratford enjoy many delightful concerts. Farther on there is a large tennis court owned by the Y.W.C.A., a bowling green, casino and an arena. Then you see the lovely island in all its natural beauty with large, snow white swans drifting majestically near its shores. These swans are the envy of all towns and cities for miles around for they do not seem to thrive in other places. Everyone knows this is because the beauty of the Avon is natural and animals and birds want natural, beautiful surroundings, not dull iron cages. These swans were first brought from Battle Creek by Mr. J. C. Garden. It is the hope of the members of the Parks Board that very soon the people of Stratford will see not only swans and wild ducks but beautiful brightly coloured peacocks and pheasants inhabiting our parks. Continuing your walk along the river past lovely flower gardens and green lawns you come to another bathing beach and bathing house; then the road winds up to Queen's Park. You

can easily see how popular this park is by the large area left aside for tourist camps. This is always taken up in the summer months. Our parks and the beautiful Avon are truly things to be admired.

The river above the dam is known locally as the Upper Avon and that below the dam is known as the Lower Avon. The Shakespearian Garden is the latest addition to the Parks System to beautify our city in the Lower Avon. To help the connection of our city with Shakespearean times the Parks Board is trying to reproduce the garden surrounding Shakespeare's home at New Place. This was not the dramatist's birth place but rather his home during the latter years of his life which he purchased when he returned from London. The garden is on the site of the old Dufton Woollen Mill west of the Stone Bridge on the south shore of the Avon. Work on it began over a year ago under the direction of Mr. R. T. Orr of the Parks Board. The garden does not contain glorious new specimens of flowers and shrubs as many may expect but rather it is a small, simple garden containing old fashioned flowers which have been mentioned in the works of Shakespeare. Some of these, because of the climate, will not grow here but many others have thrived. Care has been taken to arrange the beds and flowers so that there will be flowers blooming continuously throughout the summer months.

You enter this beautiful garden by passing through an imitation Lych gate with a thatched roof. Here at the entrance are beds of crocus and glory of the snow which are replaced later by daffodils, tulips and narcissi. Shakespeare had an admiration for daffodils.

"Daffodils that come before the swallow dares

And take the winds of March with beauty."

The first terrace is a "Knott Garden" of Tudor or Elizabeth design. This consists of four squares intersected by paths. In the centre is a sun-dial, bearing at the base of the dial, a quotation from Sonnet V. "For never-resting time leads summer on." This means that when dull weather and winter come, the memory of the beautiful garden, flowers and sunlight will remain and it will always be summer in our hearts. After this there is a beautiful rose garden in which grow one hundred and twenty-five roses of various bright colours. This garden is divided into five sections and surrounded by a trimmed cedar hedge. At the edge of the rose garden is a large chimney, once a factory chimney,

but now used as a bird house representing the dove-cot in Shakespeare's garden. Beyond this is a large green lawn, well trimmed, surrounded by the long walk which runs through the garden. It is hoped that soon a rose trellis will cover the long walk to lead up to a likeness of Anne Hathaway's cottage, which has not yet been built. The sloping south bank of the river is covered with glorious flowers and shrubs to illustrate Shakespeare's words,

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows."

Beside the garden is a small pretty little island. From one of the benches on this island in the shade of a large drooping willow you are able to look through the arches of the stone bridge and see the foamy water flowing over the dam. Beside this you see a lovely rock garden beneath the pergola. The whole garden is a glorious picture.

Stratford-on-Avon is famed for something else besides its beauty. At the top of Erie Street stands the glorious cenotaph—Stratford's tribute to its citizens who lost their lives in the Great War. It was designed by the sculptor who modelled the Canadian War Memorial at Vimy Ridge—Walter S. Allward. Two bronze statues are mounted on a granite base which bears the names of the soldiers, who once lived in this city. Beneath the figures are the words, "They gave their lives to break the Power of the Sword." One of the figures stands upright with head uplifted. The other figure is slouched and drooping, carrying a broken sword. The upright figure stands in a position of victory. This is not a victory because of power in war but the victory of right over wrong. The second figure, in a position of shame and defeat, symbolizes the defeat of wrong. At different times in the year this monument is the scene of a very impressive and solemn gathering when lovely wreaths of flowers are placed in front of it in memory of the dead. This is truly a work of beauty to be respected and admired by all.

I am sure that a visitor to this city would be well repaid.

After a heated argument Mrs. Brown had persuaded her husband to allow their daughter to go to boarding-school. After a few weeks the girl wrote home and said, "I'm awfully keen on ping-pong." "What did I tell you?" exclaimed Mr. Brown, "I knew it would come to no good; now you see, she's fallen in love with a Chinaman!"

A GLIMPSE OF FRENCH CANADA

By Kenneth Ingham, 5A.

French Canada! The picturesque land of the habitant!! Vague visions of calendar-pictured scenes flashed through my mind. I was to spend two whole weeks at a cottage in the heart of the Laurentides!

It was a long journey to Montreal but each view of the great St. Lawrence dispelled any weariness, with its beauty and splendor. The great metropolis of Montreal resembles very much the other great cities of my acquaintance. Yet there was a difference. Perhaps it was the bi-lingual street signs; perhaps it was the French printing on familiar bill boards. Or was it the outside staircases? I remember how peculiar it seemed to see whole streets lined with rows of steps. Plain steps, fancy steps, bright steps and drab steps, all led up to small squarish buildings, each with an invariable peak and ornament on its upper window. But the greatest thrill of my stay in Montreal was seeing the fountain in La Fontaine Park at night. Never have I seen such beauty of colour and form: myriad jets of water forming all sorts of fantastic and beautiful shapes, illuminated by concealed lights from below, radiated, with a curiously beautiful diffusion, blending and changing tones of crimson and orange, green and blue, while the surrounding pool reflected the soft transient colours like some scene in fairyland.

Next morning we were off for the north. At first the country was fairly flat and the road like a narrow dust-coloured ribbon, wound in and out among the little French villages with their silver roofed churches and white-washed houses. Then came the mountains. The road became winding and tortuous. Occasionally from a hill top we could catch the most gorgeous views of tree-clothed mountains and tiny sparkling lakes nestling in the hollows between.

Stopping for dinner at a little town along the way, we got a more intimate glimpse of the people. Harty, talkative, gay, they welcomed "les Anglais" warmly and not without curiosity. "Is Stratford far from Ottawa?"—"Are there any Francais there?" They wanted to know. Shyly we tried out our French, much to the amusement of our hosts.

Dinner finished, we started off again and were soon at our destination—a small white-washed log cabin at the foot of one of the sloping mountains, right on the edge of a "petit lac." For two weeks this was to be our home.

It was a fairly out-of-the-way place and I had my time much to myself. The temperamental flights of the weather, I greeted with unabated enthusiasm. Today the sun smiles down on the sparkling lake: I go exploring up the mountain, or swimming or rowing. Tomorrow the mountains will be festooned with low hanging clouds and I shall go fishing. Each day has its novel experiences; full to the brim with adventure.

I remember particularly one exploring trip. I set out in the early afternoon along the narrow winding road on my way to the large mountain behind the cottage. Before long I came to a little red and white building beside the road with a tiny belfry straddling its roof. This must be the French school-house! Looking through the front windows I saw a pleasant little room profusely adorned with wall maps and with "Bienvenue" in large letters printed rustically on the little square of blackboard. There were several pictures of the Christ-child about the room. The desks, each for three children, were high and sloping and the front ones had strings of coloured beads on wires fastened to the desk tops: these were for the little ones, I surmised. It was all very interesting and I only wished that I could have seen the "petits" of the village sitting behind their desks and going about their school work.

I continued along the road for a short distance and then struck out across country toward the mountain. At first the rolling fields, with their rock piles and winding rail fences were easily enough traversed. But soon the going became harder; up, up, climbing over rocks in steep gullies, grasping trees and shrubs to get a purchase for the ever stiffening climb, I struggled on. Occasionally the way led down through thickly wooded ravines along a crisp carpet of leaves, darkened by the dense foliage overhead.

Then came the real climb. Looking up, I saw a high precipice of reddish moss-covered rock rising up steeply, without warning, from the very forest floor and jutting up over the tree-tops above. With the welcome aid of some small niches in the rock and scattered clumps of evergreen shrubs, I toiled cautiously to the top. There, a glorious view greeted me. I sat spellbound! The whole valley spread itself before my gaze,—the great mountains with their green foothills spreading down to

the little silvery pool in the valley,—the other mountains rearing their peaks skyward in the distance,—a breath-taking spectacle!

After resting a few minutes I began the descent. Spying a tiny lake in a sort of pocket part way down the mountain, I headed off to the left. Descending was much easier than climbing and was enjoyable enough except that I wasn't certain now of my directions. I reached the lake and found a path, but according to my calculations, it led in the wrong direction. The surrounding woods, however, were thick and uninviting, and would soon be impassible in the growing dusk of the evening. Hesitatingly I took the path, and hurried along with pounding heart. A night in those woods would certainly be far from pleasant. And the people at the cottage—I hadn't seen any animals but I had been told—! With these thoughts racing through my mind I suddenly came upon a clearing. Hopefully climbing onto a stump I looked about. There down in the hollow just ahead was our lake! With a genuine sigh of relief I pressed on and soon found myself at the cottage. Oh well! It was all in an afternoon's fun!

The fishing trips were hardly as exciting but they did provide a taste of adventure. Early one morning or, as it seemed to me, one night, we set out in the car, for the lake was some distance away, loaded with all the paraphernalia of the fishing art. I have been in a few "roller coasters" in my time, but certainly no ride could compare to this one. The road had been literally hewn out of the mountain side only a few months before, and still followed minutely every hump and hollow, ravine and mound of the rocky land's contour. Despite its discomfort, the ride was a picturesque one. On each side of the road the thick underbrush had been untouched by the road-makers and from the car window one could see the same dense virgin forest which must have greeted the astonished eyes of the first explorers of the New World. Vivid orange tree fungi and bright red and blue flowers, peered through the closely set trunks of lofty trees, as if to reprimand our disturbing their wild solitude.

We fished all day but, I confess, my interest lay with the wooded mountain slopes rather than the finny inhabitants of the lake bottom. My success reflected my interest, for nothing but agile little chub would seize my line. My companions fared better, however, and I had the pleasure of examining the anatomy of sev-

eral large trout: my job was cleaning the catch before returning home. It was nevertheless pleasant to sit motionless in one of the tiny row-boats and dreamily watch the mist play about the rolling mountain sides in the distance, or to hear the echoing cry of the birds in the woods, or, stirred into action by a muttered "Ga'déz," from the other end of the boat, reel feverishly at a twitching line, only to land a tiny chub.

On our fishing trips we sometimes came upon an old bewhiskered habitant and his wife, living off by themselves, beside some lonely lake, scraping a meagre subsistence from the soil, augmenting it by renting boats in the fishing season and trapping in the long, cold winter. It seemed a queer lonely life; yet maybe, after all, it was just as good as the vain, feverish rush of the city.

Two weeks, (it seemed a month) of this happy carefree life, and then back home. Two weeks to think and dream about for years. I had seen another bit of Canada: more than that, I had seen, and had come to know, something of the vast country of the French Canadians, which still preserves the sturdy rustic life of the real founders of Canada.

CHASING BEAUTY

By Annie Adamson, 3A.

Who may hold the stray sunbeam
That casts a magic spell
Of enchanting mystery
In a flowered dell?

Who may have the rivulet
That glides by shadowed glade,
Etched in beauty's mirror, clear
As brightest crystal made?

Who may know the fleecy cloud
That drifts across the blue,
A little bit of heavenly light
Reflected on the dew?

Who may catch the southern wind
That haunts the stirring flowers
And softly blends their sweet perfume
Throughout the passing hours?

VIMY PILGRIMAGE

By Josephine Pinner, 3B.

This summer, an event of universal interest took place in Canadian history, when the Legion arranged for the transporting of thousands of pilgrims to the battlefields in northern France and Belgium where the Canadian soldiers played such an important part during the Great War.

On July 16, 1936, the "Montcalm," the "Montrose," the "Antonia," and the "Ascania" sailed at fifteen minute intervals from the port of Montreal, followed by the "Duchess of Bedford" which sailed the next day. Various game tournaments, "get together" parties, and concerts were held during the voyage to sponsor good fellowship amongst the pilgrims.

Disembarking at Le Havre, we boarded trains and went to Ypres, Belgium, in time for a lunch consisting of a cold meat course served with several salads, followed by hot meat and potatoes, with cheese for dessert. After this, we were taken on a bus-tour of various cemeteries and villages in that area; then, to Arras where we were billeted. This part of the country looks very prosperous and is densely populated. The houses are substantial-looking with gabled, tiled roofs; they are decorated with the brightest shades of orange, green, and blue. Every dwelling, even the poorest farm-house, boasts the traditional hand-made lace curtains.

Of course, the main objective of the trip was the unveiling of the monument to fallen Canadians, at Vimy. The monument itself, a huge, white marble structure on Hill 145, commands a view of Lens, Mt. St. Eloi, Cambrai, and the surrounding industrial district far across the Douai Plains. The ceremony was very impressive, such dignitaries as King Edward VIII, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Hon. Philippe Roy, and the President of France being present. The brilliant array of French soldiers in their horizon-blue uniforms, Scottish regiments, and the various regimental bands added colour; hundreds of French gendarmes preserved order among the pilgrims and the French spectators. King Edward proved again and again his extensive popularity by the cheers which greeted him as he moved freely among the pilgrims.

The next phase of the pilgrimage was a tour of France. The French people everywhere received us cordially, and we were officially welcomed by the French president, Monsieur Lebrun, at a reception held in the Hotel de Ville, Paris. Another Paris banquet was at L'Hotel des Invalides, the home of

some of the badly wounded French Great War veterans and their families; here our genial host was Marshal Petain. The tables were arranged in rows under the balconies, in the huge courtyard. Some of the French soldiers lowered ropes from their barracks windows, to which some Canadians securely fastened bottles of champagne, which were speedily drawn up and later the empty bottles were let down. There was always plenty of "liqueurs" served at these banquets because water is not generally pure enough to be used as a beverage in northern France. "Vin rouge et vin blanc" took the place of water with sauterne, cognac (which we put in our coffee) and brandy served with the dessert course, and champagne for the various toasts. Similar banquets were held in Rouen, Blois and Amboise.

However, if you are contemplating a trip to France, I would strongly advise you to take along your own cook. In our Paris hotel, for breakfast we had a large cup of strong black coffee and a six-inch long roll of bread. Butter, sugar, salt, and pepper are considered luxuries, and we were counted lucky at our hotel by fellow-travellers because we could get butter and sugar if we knew enough French to be able to ask for them. It was most amusing to hear some "tea-grannies" indignantly demand their tea, for tea is used as a medicinal tonic in France. After considerable prodding by my mother, I used to hesitatingly stammer the magic words "du the s'il vous plait." The enlightened waitress would nod her head, "Ah oui, mademoiselle" and then rush out to order some tea. For breakfast in Arras, we had half-cooked eggs and bacon, some rolls, and the usual cup of black coffee, which should be diluted with hot milk.

France is a country of castles and churches. The castle which I remember best is the Chateau d'Amboise, ancient home of the Duc d'Orleans. Perched high on a hill, with the houses and the buildings of the town of Amboise clustering around the base, at first sight it appears to be inaccessible. However, after walking over a mile up a winding, ever-rising road, you come to la chapelle Saint-Hubert, built by Charles VIII, during the XV century. This chapel was the place of worship of several members of the French royal family, notably Mary Queen of Scots and Charles V. The chateau gardens are very beautiful, and in its shady woods, ferns grow luxuriantly. A statue has been erected over the grave of

Leonardo da Vinci, famous Italian painter who lived and died at Amboise in 1519. Part of the chateau proper is used as a home for descendants of the servants of the royal family who once lived here. In one of the upper storeys is that grim hall of death where many of the Huguenots were condemned to death, after which they were marched outside to the balcony and hanged from its iron railings, several hundred feet above the roofs of the buildings in the lower town. You may enter the moss-covered tower through a tiny door and follow the descending, spiral road to finally arrive at one of the main streets of Amboise. There are two such towers with interior winding roads. Then there is the famous Peace Palace, at Versailles, with its magnificent fountains and beautiful parks. The long central hall is lined with life-size statues of the famous men and women of France as well as members of the royal family. Upstairs we saw rooms filled with huge oil-paintings, portraying important military and naval battles. The personal suite of Louis XIV is truly grand. The walls are covered with finely worked tapestries or oil paintings, as are the chairs and stools. The bed in which this monarch slept is very large and has a huge silk-and-gold tapestry canopy and spread. The suite of Marie Antoinette, his ill-fated queen, is even more beautiful. The famous hall of mirrors is the most beautiful of the various ballrooms as its walls are in reality huge mirrors, divided into sections, which can be opened by releasing a hidden spring. The crystal chandeliers reflect the sunshine, producing a rainbow effect. This palace also houses the table on which the world-famous Peace Treaty was signed, at the close of the Great War.

A trip to France would not be complete without a visit to Rouen, and the ancient site of Joan of Arc's tragic martyrdom. In the market square, where she was put to death, a white marble monument has been erected, showing her, a cross in her hands tied to the stake, with the flames curling up around her. One of the oldest Rouen cathedrals, begun in 1500, is named by its tower—the Butter Tower. It was so named because at that time butter was a luxury and could be purchased only from priests. The church tower was built from the proceeds of the sale of butter. Inside, this church contains the remains of seven English kings, one of them being Richard, Coeur de Lion. Another magnificent church has, in its tower, a huge mellow bell called the Jeanne d'Arc. The front door of

this church, finished in 1785, is of solid oak carved with millions of tiny heads. During the strife with the Huguenots, they cut the noses off of all these statues, believing that they could thus inflict injury on the persons represented by the figures.

It is an old "established" custom to joke about the "tightness" of the Scotch people, but certainly the average Frenchman exceeds the Scotch in thriftiness. A French farmer will produce as much on his tiny farm as a Canadian would produce on his acres of farm land. They never waste anything which can be used, and, in the former war area, many farmers have used old scraps of sheet metal salvaged from the ruins of billets and also barbed wire used on the battlefields. We found it difficult to follow the French method of telling the time as the clock goes from one to twenty-four o'clock. After twelve noon, the time, instead of being one o'clock, is thirteen o'clock, and so on. The stores are very modern, many of them having variously coloured sheets of cellophane inside of the glass window. The French monetary system is easily understood, but everything is quite expensive. In the large railway stations, in Paris, the incoming and outgoing trains are announced in both French and English, through a loud-speaker, a great aid to travellers. Many of the trains leaving Paris are highly stream-lined, much faster, and much cleaner than our trains. Evidence of general prosperity is apparent both in France and in England, and in spite of the rumors of war that we hear, the people seem to be happy and industrious.

TWILIGHT

By Doris Lane, C1A.

When twilight passes slowly by,
And little birds homeward fly;
Children tucked in their cosy bed,
Soon to them the world is dead.

Silently o'er the sleeping earth
The large moon crept
Lighting the tiny berth
Wherein two children slept.

Guardian angels o'er them watch
Until the morn draws nigh
When the sun shall rise and take
The moon's place in the sky.

Prize Stories

OUT OF THE GLOOM

Senior Prize Story

By Jessie Holmes, 4A.

Darkness was just beginning to fall through the small door of the chemist's shop. Mr. Chandler reached for the cord of the light.

"There," he murmured, "that's better!" and looking at his watch he said, "Just about six but I guess I'd better stay for a few minutes."

For fifteen years Mr. Chandler had owned a little drug store on St. James Street in Montreal. He had bristling grey hair, deep, grey eyes, a broad face and a firm, wide mouth. He was not too short and not too tall, but just the right height to reach the third shelf, behind the counter.

Mr. Chandler took a newspaper from underneath the counter. Taking his glasses from his pocket, he perched himself on a high stool and began to read.

The tiny bell, above the door, tinkled and a tall, young man walked in. He was wearing a shabby brown overcoat. Under his brown fedora and turned up collar, Mr. Chandler saw the fine features of a boy, not yet out of his twenties.

Mr. Chandler dropped his paper and jumped up, knocking over the stool in his haste.

"Good day, sir," he said, "and what can I do for you? It's lucky you came in just now, I was thinking of going home."

The boy looked up and said, rather gruffly, "I'd like two drams of vitriol."

"Oh! yes, yes," said Mr. Chandler.

He took down the big gallon jar and carefully and slowly poured the liquid, through a funnel into a small blue bottle. He put a label on the bottle marked, "Sulphuric Acid." All the while, he talked to the young man.

"Weather's not too good, is it? Those March winds certainly take the breath out of you. But if you keep bundled up and tie down your hat, you'll hold out."

The young man said nothing. He just stood, staring into space.

"But," continued the druggist, "I guess you young people never notice the weather in your rush. You've got so much on your minds. You're always on the go."

Still the young man said nothing, but he did

look at the man and try to show a little more interest.

"Say," said Mr. Chandler, "I was just reading in to-night's paper, where a young man went home from work with a present for his wife's birthday. When he got there, wasn't his wife dead! She had been electrocuted, when she touched a light plug with wet hands. Left three little children too. Seems a pity, but I guess things like that just have to be."

By this time the young man was getting a little impatient.

He said sharply, "I wish you'd hurry. After all, I know what the weather is like and I do read the paper occasionally."

"Sorry, sir," said Mr. Chandler, "I was just trying to be friendly, seeing that you're my last customer for the day. Here's the bottle. You'd better handle it pretty carefully. You have to sign for that sort of thing. Kind of dangerous, you know. Just put your name here," he said, indicating the line on a large book.

The young man signed the book and paid him. He nodded and walked toward the door.

"Just a minute," said Mr. Chandler, "I might as well walk down the street with you. Wait until I lock up!"

The young man, not wishing to appear impolite again, waited patiently by the door, while the druggist put on his coat and hat and turned out the lights.

Mr. Chandler locked the door and together, they walked down the windy street.

"It's just supper time. I'll bet you're nearly starved," said the druggist. "Come on down to Tony's, the little place on the corner, three blocks down. I go there every night alone, but I like company."

The young man mumbled something about not being hungry, but he continued to walk along, beside Mr. Chandler. He seemed to realize it was getting him no where, being unfriendly with this over friendly man. He began to talk a little, but only when he was asked a question.

"At last," the druggist said, with much difficulty, "Son, if I were you, I wouldn't do that. It's a coward's trick. You've still got a large portion of life ahead of you. Keep on living the life that has been given to you."

The young man lowered his eyes and said

quietly, "I wish you were me. You don't know how hard it is."

"Well, son," said the druggist, "I know a man, who found life that way. It all began, when he was just twenty-four, not much younger than yourself. He was struggling to become an artist but the money was hard to find. He met with all kinds of misfortune. He fell madly in love with a wealthy girl. She found out that he was just a struggling artist and she jilted him for a 'mother's boy' with too much money. This hurt him so, that he decided to end it all. He went to just such a drug store as mine and bought that fatal acid. He took it home and drank it. It was not enough to kill him out right, but it injured him for life. It trickled slowly down his throat, burning and eating the flesh, as it went. Down, down, it went. He lay writhing with pain, as it ate away the lining of his stomach. He was discovered by the landlady lying in his room, moaning and shrieking in agony. From that day to this, he has never had a square meal. For the rest of his life, he has to live on warm milk and coddled egg. Never again, will he enjoy his wholesome, three meals a day. What wouldn't he give for just one slice of roast beef and one scoop of mashed potatoes and one spoonful of rich, brown gravy. How, he wishes that he had never tried to end his life."

By this time, they had reached "Tony's place" on the corner. The young man clutched the bottle closer to him and swallowed the big lump, which had risen in his throat. They walked into the restaurant and sat down at the soda counter.

"Goode daya, Meester Chandler," said Tony, "She esse purty windy outa, eh!"

"It certainly is, Tony, it certainly is," answered the druggist. "And how is your little Johnny's broken arm, eh?"

"Oha he esea comin' alonge," replied Tony.

"What will you have?" asked Mr. Chandler turning to the young man.

The young man said very hesitatingly, "Well—Well—"

"How about fixing him up some good ham and eggs, coffee and all the rest, Tony? I'll have the same as usual. This is on me, lad, so eat plenty, while it lasts."

Tony disappeared through a curtained doorway and in a few minutes returned with the

steaming food. He set the young man's food in front of him and in front of Mr. Chandler, he placed a mug of milk, covered with a thin scum and on a plate a mass of coddled egg. The young man, startled, looked up at the druggist, when he saw his food, and said, "Gee! I'm very sorry, Sir. I didn't realize at the time, what you were telling me. That's—that's awful. I'm so glad that you told me. I've been a perfect fool—a fool. I couldn't stand anything like that to happen to me."

"Well, lad, I figured you would be sorry and I didn't know how to warn you. You're just a young fellow, healthy and strong. You have a place to fill in this world. Stick to it, son. I can see that you have the independence and 'stick-to-it' quality, which a man of this generation requires. All you need is a little encouragement. Take another try at it; I'm sure you will succeed."

The druggist watched the young man gobble down the good wholesome food, while he slowly swallowed his soft food. There was a new light in the boy's eyes. He noticed Mr. Chandler watching him and smiled for the first time and said: "I know what you're thinking—'And he said that he wasn't hungry—.'"

He finished eating and putting his hand deep in his pocket, he said, "I've only got a dime, but if you pay the rest, I'll come around to your store soon and return the money."

"Remember," said Mr. Chandler, "I said this was on me and I meant it."

The boy took the druggist's hand and shook it vigorously. "Gee! thanks for everything. You've got me thinking. I'm sure that I can make a go of it. I never want to be in your predicament and have to eat that soft mush." Giving his hand another good shake, the young man got up and went out of the door of the restaurant.

There, sitting on the counter, was the package, which the young man had been carrying. Mr. Chandler sat looking at it, until he heard the door shut. Then, he and Tony burst out laughing.

"Take this goolosh away, Tony," laughed Mr. Chandler, "and bring me a nice, juicy steak, with lots of onions and a couple of pieces of your date pie."

"Wella, I declara, Meester Chandler," laughed Tony, "if there isn't anudder one, thata you havea saved froma keeling heeself. You oughta beea given a meedal!"

THE LEGACY

By Mary Ballantyne, 4A.

Doris had obtained a position in Brown's large department store in Vancouver. She was to be a detective and to watch the shoppers so that there would not be any unsolved shop-lifting mysteries.

It was Saturday morning, a week before Christmas. Already the store was crowded and three women had fainted.

Doris was wandering through the crowd when her attention was attracted to a smartly groomed customer, dressed in a black broad-cloth coat trimmed with marten. She was evidently buying herself a Christmas present.

"A pendant," she said, "nothing fancy, but with one fine diamond in it."

"If you would give me some idea of what you would care to pay," said the elderly clerk.

"Well, I have just been left a legacy by an aunt and I thought I would rather invest the money in a diamond; then I can always have it with me. Safer than stocks, don't you think? Well, I want the finest diamond that I can get for five thousand dollars, if you have any that expensive," she said.

"Certainly," said the clerk, now anxious to make a sale, "we carry diamonds valued from twenty-five dollars, say to a small fortune. I'm sorry our show-cases are all filled."

The clerk then went away and got a dozen beautiful unmounted diamonds. These were always kept in a safe.

Doris walked away, but then returned as she was interested in the legacy gift. How could the customer choose from so many beautiful gems? Doris thought.

"Hold that one up again, will you?" the lady requested.

"Now, let me see the diamond with the bluish tinge."

The clerk, always mindful of the holiday crowds, kept the jewels at the edge of the counter.

"That is lovely," continued the customer. "Pardon me, if I point. Try the next one, please! No, not that one."—she pointed the ungloved hand at a beautiful gem. Only for a moment her curved fingers moved over the jewels, but that was enough.

As the clerk displayed a diamond in his tweezers, the neatest bit of palming known to crime took place. In place of the five thousand dollar gem, a stone of the same size and

cut took its place. It all happened in the flash of an eye.

Watching, Doris could scarcely believe her eyes. She thought she saw it, yet was she sure? Now, the customer's hand was cupped over her mouth, and Doris thought that she was rolling something in her mouth. Then the customer put her hand below the counter. All her movements seemed natural enough.

During this time, the clerk was showing her a jewel. Finally, a bargain was made.

"The pendant will be ready for you a day or so before Christmas," said the clerk.

Smiling and satisfied the customer went away. The clerk was busy rewrapping the diamonds, when he noticed that one did not seem to be the same texture as the rest. "There has been a serious mistake here," he thought to himself.

Doris rushed up to the counter. Mr. Black, the head detective, was also making his way to the counter. When he came to the counter, Doris noticed that he put his hand along the edge of the counter—then his hand was wiping his mouth.

By this time, the clerk was frantically motioning to Mr. Black and to Doris to stop the lady in the black coat. She had already wormed her way through the crowds, almost to the doors leading into the street.

Doris reached the lady first. Touching her sleeve, Doris said to her—"Just one moment, Madame."

Mr. Black arrived, and with as little commotion as possible, the customer was taken to the manager's office and thoroughly searched. No trace of the diamond could be found.

"I don't know what my husband will say to this," flared the indignant customer. "I cancel my order right now."

There was nothing to do but to apologize to her and let her go. Doris was frantic. She felt that the customer was guilty. Hadn't she seen her with her own eyes? Yet, why didn't Mr. Black question her? Doris had made one mistake that morning and had been forgiven. She must go carefully now. Yet why had both the detective and the customer felt along the counter?

The manager was now apologizing to her.

"I'm afraid the clerk has made a serious mistake. Those stones were probably switched before. Under the circumstances, you will understand that--a--er—it was a natural mistake, if you'll accept our apologies—"

She flared up.

"I certainly will not. You haven't heard the last of this."

Was she going to get away with it? Doris felt numb. Just then she noticed a lump in Mr. Black's right cheek. Was that it? Not a very large lump, but a lump.

Doris made her way between the woman and the door, and slowly came directly behind Mr. Black. Then, with all her might, she gave him a whack with both hands between the shoulders.

Astonished, the man staggered. Out of his mouth, as he gasped in amazement, flew a wad of something. Doris pounced upon it.

"Gum!"

She handed it to the manager.

"I think," she said, "you'll find the diamond in this."

Mr. Black and his accomplice made a break for the door, but were stopped by the manager.

Doris did not wait for the arrests to be made, but continued her work in the store, secretly happy that she had discovered the author of the crime.

FIRELIGHT DREAMS

By Annie Adamson, 3A.

As I sit alone in the twilight
By my fireside's sinking flame,
I weave strange fancies of delight,
Tapestries that none can claim.

Gilded remembrance of long ago—
The rosy dawning of what's to be—
As I look at the fireside's dying glow
Build dreams that are meant for me.

This is my beautiful land of desire
Of which I shall never be free,
The great place I see in the fire,
My strange world of fantasy!

Mr. Fuller: "But how could skin trouble give you a broken arm?"

"Moff." Forster: "Well you see it was a banana skin—."

"A woman," so someone says, "is a person who can walk down an 18-inch aisle in a store without knocking anything from the counters, and then drive home and knock the doors off a 12-foot garage!"

A MIDNIGHT FANTASY

Junior Prize Story

By Cynthia Carter, 2A.

A London fog is a strange thing. It is the best example of the difference between a mist and a fog. A mist is soft, feathery, cool—but not cold. A mist covers soft green things, such as trees in the springtime, marigold shoots, and smooth fields where wheat is springing up. It is a fairy-like thing, ethereal, entrancing. . . . A fog (especially a London fog) is a dirty yellow colour. It is as cold as death—and as unrelenting. It covers dirty tenement houses, slate roofs; it makes it impossible to see the tops of the buildings in the slums (there are no trees) or the sloppy gray rain puddles in the streets (there are no marigold shoots) or the cold gray pavements stretching out for miles ahead (for there are no wheat-fields). In fact, a London fog is an ugly thing.

Because of such a fog, the Old Shopkeeper shut up his novelty shop earlier than usual, one damp evening in November, for it seeped into his little store and made everything seem drab, dull, and uninteresting. First, he put the large white covers over the bird-cages. Then he moved the Japanese garden nearer to the window to make way for the toy theatre. After that he shut the door, turned the key, and went home to bed.

For a while, the novelty shop was very quiet, but the silence was broken by a gray-brown mouse that ran across the floor. Then another followed. This one began to gnaw at a piece of mouldy cheese that had fallen into a dim corner where it had been hidden by the dusty shadows that were always in the shop, and the little "clicks" of his tiny white teeth punctuated the stillness as sharply as a needle-point. One of the yellow canaries was not yet asleep in its cage, and sat murmuring low soft notes to himself. The mouse had finished its cheese, and was hunting for something else; and the old brown Grandfather clock was ticking quietly to itself as its bent hands passed around its face with quick jerky motions.

It was a much-ornamented clock. On the sides of its giant case were two huge butterflies with blue-and-green wings. A figure of Father Time was carved on the pendulum, his scythe moving with every second. Just below the face was the tiny figure of a clown carved out of walnut wood. He was dressed in a

smock from which the slovenly washer-woman, Long Usage, had removed most of the gaudy red and blue. And while in the wash, the top of his pointed hat had disappeared. But this did not bother him, and he still held the hoop through which the little black poodle stubbornly refused to jump, and he had his usual idiotic smile on his thin face.

Above him, occupying the supreme place on top of the clock, was a little porcelain, ballet-dancer. She was dressed in a white satin costume that just touched her dainty knees, and one of her exquisite feet was posed in an arabesque as light and subtle as a summer breeze. Her golden curls were swung back from her pure white forehead, and in her right hand she held a blood-red rose.

But the old Grandfather clock was unconcerned, and ticked on and on. Half-past ten. Eleven. Half-past eleven. A quarter to twelve. And then, the brass gong within its sonorously boomed out twelve.

... ..

Slowly the little ballet-dancer raised her pretty hand to her eyes and rubbed them softly. Then she turned her head, first to one side, next to the other, and then, with the lightness of a white dove, she rose on her toes, put her hand on the side of the clock, and floated down to the floor. Faintly, and from the old music box that stood on the worm-eaten table, came the tinkling strains of an old sonata, and the ballet-dancer began to move through the movements of her dance.

The little clown was aware of something strange as soon as he had yawned noisily and had stretched his arms out and above his awkward head. At first, he did not notice what it was, but presently he raised his eyes to the accustomed place of the porcelain lady. Even then, he was not very surprised—it is hard for walnut wood to be surprised—so he just moved his clumsy feet this way and that, and made his back hump up in the middle, and thought how silly the little poodle looked. But the strain of the music box caught his ugly ears, and, glancing down to the floor, he saw the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. The tiny porcelain figure was twirling on her toes, and casting coquettish glances at a handsome tin soldier, who was vainly curling his black moustache and trying to appear disinterested.

The music seemed to steal over the ballet-dancer and hold her in its rhythmic sway, for

she was almost a part of it. She turned and bent like a fair, white flower that awakens as the first rays of the morning sun shine upon it. Her tiny body was light as thistle-down and as graceful as a swan, as she rose on her toes and fell again like the shimmering white foam on the waves of the ocean. Then her tempo quickened, and she flew across the floor, whirling, leaping, twirling madly as summer lightning. Then she seemed to go slower and slower, until the music-box tune changed to a waltz. . . .

And all this time the little clown looked on, and he felt a strange wild joy leap up in his walnut wood heart. For he knew that the little porcelain ballet-dancer was very lovely. So he came down from his place on the clock—the little poodle following—and with a jump, reached the floor. But the dancer did not even see him. She was still smiling at the handsome tin soldier.

The clown could only hop—for walnut wood is very stiff—and as he crossed the floor, his feet made a queer ticking sound like that of the clock. The handsome soldier noticed him first. He even stopped curling his moustache to laugh out loudly. Then the porcelain lady turned, just as the poor ugly clown bent down on one knee to declare to her his adoration. For a moment she looked at him bewildered, but soon her light laughter rose as the tinkling of thousands of silver bells, or the soft gurgling of low water over stones at midnight. The clown hung his wooden head in sorrow and shame, and the little black poodle, creeping closer, began to lick his master's hand, and felt sorry that he had not jumped through the hoop. When the clown raised his eyes, the lady of his worship was gone.

Suddenly, the pendulum of the Grandfather clock began to vibrate. The little porcelain ballet-dancer looked frightened, and ran as quickly as she could to her place. The handsome tin soldier began to stiffen. The clown, rising slowly, climbed to his usual place with the little poodle following, and held up his hoop. The mice scurried away. And the Grandfather clock struck one.

... ..

It was morning in the novelty-shop, and the Old Shopkeeper entered, with the cold air of the morning all around him, and the bright sunlight of the morning on his head. First he swept the shop. Next, he took the white sheets off the bird-cages. Then, he moved the

(Continued on Page 61)

AT THE PALACE

By Carol Pinner

July 29th came around, full of sunshine and cheer, and we set out for Buckingham Palace.

We entered by the main gates which were very high and made of iron with gold decorations on the top. On either side there were smart guards in bright red, some with high, black fur hats, and others with shining brass helmets.

We were requested to show either our passports or invitations. After looking about the front yards for a while we were organized into parties, and taken into the palace.

The chief rooms of interest were the writing-room, the cloak-rooms, and the ball-room.

The ball-room was a magnificent place. The floor was carpeted with rich wine rugs. Gold trimmings and white adorned the beautifully upholstered chairs, couches and carved staircase. The walls were hung with huge pictures of former royalty in gilt frames. Where the walls and ceiling joined, there was a border of solid gold, carved in flowery designs. From the ceiling, hung large delicate chandeliers, composed of thousands of crystal prisms, hiding the lights. After satisfying our hungry eyes, we entered the back gardens through the French windows to satisfy our hungry stomachs.

Stretching the length of the gardens were marquees covered with striped canvas. Under these were long tables, covered with a fine white linen, engraved with the royal monograms.

Standing about two feet high were large silver stands, carved in angelic figures. These were filled with bright red carnations. On silver cake stands were delicious cakes, small and large, with coloured icing and fancy designs. There were thin white sandwiches of sandwich spread and cheese. Raspberries and whipped-cream were the chief favourites, while strawberry ice-cream ranked high also. In order to quench our thirst, orangeade, lemonade, tea and liquors were served.

The fortunate ones who were fast secured

glass-topped tables set on the lawns. All had servants from the kitchen, dressed in the white aprons and caps trimmed with black, to wait upon them. There was no limit to the amount of "goodies" and everyone ate his fill, and more.

Of course the day would not be completely English, without a shower, and just when most of us were finished, it came. There was a scramble for the palace and marquees. Many however remained outside. These were fortunate in getting a very close view of Edward, as he was out with us at the time.

However, a few minutes later someone appeared at the windows and beckoned him to go back inside, as it was time to give his speech. He took his time, but soon appeared on the balcony, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Patricia, Lady Astor and many others whom I did not know. Queen Mary appeared at one of the windows, but did not come out.

Edward gave a very touching speech with a little added humour. The story would not be right without a short description of him. He is a small man, with light hair which is quite naturally wavy. He reminded me more of a school boy about sixteen than a man in his forties.

His speech was followed by hearty applause and deafening cheers. There were six thousand people present, and spread over a wide area. One half started singing "God Save the King" and when near the end the rest joined in. I can describe it only, as being a series of melodious discords. Edward certainly showed his bravery by standing at attention, all through it, but the look on his face was a mixture of humiliation, disgust, amusement and surprise. However, I think he enjoyed it. More cheers followed, after which we left the grounds. Throngs of Londoners were outside the gates, eyes green with envy.

Before returning to our Hotel we stopped to see the changing of the Guards.



FIVE A



FIVE B



SPEC. COMM.



THREE COMM.

Moderns

CANADA

Par Son Excellence Le Très Honorable Baron Tweedsmuir d'Elsfield, Chevalier grand-croix de l'Ordre très distingué de Saint-Michel et de Saint-Georges, membre de l'Ordre des Compagnons d'honneur, Gouverneur général et commandant en chef du Dominion du Canada.

A tous ceux qui les présentes verront,—
Salut:

ATTENDU que par un acte d'abdication en date du dixième jour de décembre courant, Sa ci-devant Majesté le Roi Edouard VIII a déclaré avoir décidé irrévocablement de renoncer au Trône, pour lui-même et pour ses descendants, et que ladite abdication a maintenant eu lieu, en vertu de laquelle la Couronne Impériale de Grande-Bretagne, d'Irlande et de tous les autres territoires de Sa ci-devant Majesté est maintenant passée uniquement et légitimement au Haut et Puissant Prince Albert-Frédéric-Arthur-George, S A C H E Z que moi, ledit Très Honorable Baron Tweedsmuir d'Elsfield, Gouverneur général du Canada, comme susdit, d'accord avec le Conseil privé de Sa Majesté pour le Canada, publie et proclame maintenant par les présentes, d'une voix unanime et de consentement de bouche et de cœur, que le Haut et Puissant Prince Albert-Frédéric-Arthur-George est maintenant devenu Notre seul et légitime seigneur lige, George VI, par la grâce de Dieu, Roi de Grande-Bretagne, d'Irlande et des territoires britanniques au delà des mers, Défenseur de la Foi, Empereur de l'Inde, à qui Nous reconnaissons toute foi et obéissance constante, ainsi qu'une humble et sincère affection, priant Dieu de qui tous les Rois et les Reines tiennent leur puissance d'accorder au Prince Royal George VI un long et heureux règne.

Donné sous Mon Seing et le Sceau de Mes Armes, à Ottawa, ce douzième jour de décembre, en l'an de grâce mil neuf cent trente-six et du Règne de Sa Majesté la première année.

Par ordre,

FERNAND RINFRET,

Secrétaire d'Etat du Canada.

DIEU PROTEGE LE ROI!

LES ETRANGERS AU CANADA UNE RENCONTRE

Personnages:

Henri Dupré—Un Français qui parle allemand, un peu.

Marie Dupré—Sa femme.

Jacques Dupré—Leur fils, âgé de huit ans.

Johann Schneider—Un Allemand.

La scène se passe dans un wagon du train de Toronto qui vient de quitter la gare Bonaventure à Montréal. M. Schneider a pour ses voisins d'en face, les Dupré.

Jacques: A quelle heure, papa, arriverons-nous à Stratford?

M. Dupré:—Mon Dieu, mon fils, à peine sommes-nous partis, et c'est encore la province de Québec. Stratford se trouve, vous savez, dans la province d'Ontario.

Jacques: Oh, regardez, mon papa, (montrant les bagages dans le compartiment en face), n'est-ce pas que cette étiquette dit Stratford? Et j'en vois une autre qui dit Hamburg. Qu'est-ce que cela veut dire?

M. Dupré: Ce voyageur, mon cher, vient probablement de Hambourg en Allemagne et il va aussi à Stratford.

Jacques: Parle-t-on français à Stratford, papa?

M. Dupré: Mais non, c'est seulement au Québec que cela arrive. Vous vous souvenez des enseignes et des réclames au quai n'est-ce pas? Au commencement de son histoire cette partie du Canada qui s'appelle Québec, appartenait à la France. Un de nos compatriotes Jacques Cartier—

Jacques: Oui, papa, j'ai entendu dire de lui à l'école. Il est parti de Saint-Malo, n'est-ce pas?

M. Dupré: C'est vrai et en 1534 il a pris la nouvelle terre pour le roi de France. La prochaine année pendant son deuxième voyage il est entré dans l'eau douce, le jour de la fête de Saint-Laurent et par conséquent il a nommé le golfe et le fleuve qui y coule Saint-Laurent.

Mme. Dupré: On doit aussi le nom, le Canada, à Cartier?

M. Dupré: Je le crois. On dit que c'était le résultat d'une erreur. Un chef indien l'avait invité à son "Kanata," c'est-à-dire un groupe de huttes et Cartier pensa

que c'était le nom du pays. Depuis ce temps on l'appelle le Canada.

Jacques: Je voudrais bien voir des Indiens. N'y en a-t-il plus?

Mme. Dupré: Non, non, mon petit et j'en suis bien contente.

Jacques: (en soupirant) Pendant la traversée j'ai lu une histoire bien intéressante de la visite de Samuel de Champlain chez les tribus sauvages. Etait-il explorateur aussi?

M. Dupré: Oui, mon petit bonhomme. Mais le train s'arrête. Regardez cette ville. C'est Kingston, je pense. Un des premiers gouverneurs du Canada, Frontenac, a bâti ici une grande forteresse, autour de laquelle une ville s'est élevée.

Mme. Dupré: C'est le même gouverneur dont nous avons vu le château à Québec. Est-ce que vous vous rappelez?

Jacques: Je me le rappelle, maman, et à propos, voulez-vous m'expliquer encore ce monument célèbre que nous avons vu à Québec, celui à l'inscription latine.

Mme. Dupré: Je suis bien contente mon chéri, que vous appreniez ainsi l'histoire canadienne. Ce monument était érigé à la gloire de deux ennemis, un général anglais et un général français, Wolfe et Montcalm. Tous les deux ont perdu la vie à la bataille des plaines d'Abraham. Ils étaient des soldats glorieux et tous les Canadiens voulaient les honorer. C'était en 1759 à la fin de la Guerre de Sept Ans et après cet an, le Canada était une colonie anglaise.

M. Dupré: Si vous me permettez, mon amie, j'irai un peu au compartiment des fumeurs. (Il va, le petit Jacques s'endort, et Mme. commence à lire le journal, le *Matin*)

Dans le compartiment des fumeurs.

M. Dupré: (s'asseyant près de la fenêtre, prend une cigarette dans un étui et puis trouve qu'il est sans feu. Il se tourne à son voisin)—Voulez-vous bien me donner du feu, monsieur?

M. Schneider: Ich spreche nicht Französisch.

M. Dupré: Darf ich Sie um Feuer bitten? Vielleicht, können Sie mein Deutsch nicht verstehen.

M. Schneider: Ach, ja, mit Vergnügen, mein Herr. (lui donne du feu et les deux se mettent à causer en allemand. Au bout d'une demi-heure ils sortent ensemble du compartiment et M. Dupré invite son

nouvel ami à faire la connaissance de sa famille)

Encore dans le wagon des voyageurs.

M. Dupré: Voulez-vous me permettre, mon amie, de présenter à vous M. Schneider de Hambourg qui va, comme nous, à Stratford. Malheureusement il parle seulement allemand et il faudra que je devienne interprète.

Mme. Dupré: Enchantée, monsieur—Quelle coïncidence! Henri, demandez à M. Schneider s'il a jamais été à Stratford.

M. Dupré: (à M. Schneider) Sind Sie je zu Stratford gewesen, mein Freund?

M. Schneider: Nein, noch nicht. Dies wird mein erster Besuch sein aber ich habe einen Bruder der seit mehreren Jahren da ist.

M. Dupré: (à sa femme)—Il dit que non, mais un de ses frères y est depuis plusieurs ans.

Mme. Dupré: Quel bonheur! Peut-être qu'il nous pourra dire quelque chose de la ville.

M. Dupré: (à l'Allemand)—Meine Frau ist sehr neugierig. Könnten Sie uns ein wenig von Stratford erzählen?

M. Schneider: In seinen Briefen sprach mein Bruder am meisten über die Möbelfabriken wo er arbeitet.

M. Dupré: Ich möchte gern auch in einer Möbelfabrik arbeiten. (à sa femme)—Le frère de M. Schneider travaille dans une fabrique aux meubles. (à M. Schneider)—Verzeihen Sie mir, mein Herr. Ich wollte nicht Ihnen in die Rede fallen. Wissen Sie ob es leicht ist, eine Stelle in der Fabrik zu bekommen? Ich bin ein geschickter Handwerker.

M. Schneider: Ich auch. Aber die Arbeit ist in Kanada so verschieden.

M. Dupré: Ach, wie ist das?

M. Schneider: Nun, zum Beispiel wenn ich einen Tisch in Deutschland machen will, fange ich mit dem rauhen Holz—

M. Dupré: Et en France, aussi—Verzeihen Sie mir, wieder, mein Herr. Ich wollte nur sagen dass man dieselbe Sache in Frankreich tut.

M. Schneider: Und ich arbeite mit meinem Tisch bis dass er zum Markt fertig ist. Aber nach meinem Bruder tut jeder Mann in Stratford nur einen besonderen Teil der Arbeit. Ein Arbeiter glättet das Holz, ein anderer macht die Tischlerarbeit, ein dritter poliert, u.s.w.

(M. Dupré explique à sa femme la différence entre le travail en Europe et au Canada, en disant que l'Européen fait son meuble tout entier, tandis que le Canadien fait seulement une partie de chaque meuble)

Mme. Dupré: On ne fait pas ainsi de si bons meubles, je crois.

M. Dupré: (à M. Schneider)—Meine Frau denkt dass die kanadischen Möbel nicht so gut sein würden als die deutschen.

M. Schneider: Das ist richtig. Man interessiert sich hierzulande mehr für die Eile als für die Arbeit.

M. Dupré: (à sa femme)—Au Canada la vitesse l'emporte sur la qualité du travail.

Mme. Dupré: Votre conversation a été bien intéressante mais je crois que nous arrivons maintenant à Toronto et il faut changer de train. (à Jacques)—Allons, mon petit, réveillez-vous.

La scène se passe maintenant dans le train de Stratford où l'on trouve M. Schneider et les Dupré qui voyagent ensemble. Le conducteur vient d'annoncer Guelph.

Jacques: Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit, papa?

M. Dupré: Il a dit que nous arrivons à Guelph. (à M. Schneider)—Ist Guelph eine sehr grosse Stadt?

M. Schneider: Ich weiss nicht ob sie gross ist, aber sie ist, so sagt mein Bruder, wie die Königsstadt bekannt.

M. Dupré: Wie so? (Il regarde le petit Jacques qui s'endort encore)

M. Schneider: Guelph ist unser Wort, Welfe, der Familienname der Könige von Grossbritannien die von dem Herrscherhaus Hannover abstammen. Während des Grossen Krieges, aber, wurde der Name zu Windsor verändert.

M. Dupré: (à sa femme)—Ah! mon amie, voilà quelque chose de bien intéressant. Cette ville, Guelph, a été nommée pour faire honneur aux rois de la Grande Bretagne.

M. Schneider: (Après avoir entendu le conducteur annoncer Breslau) Himmel! Breslau in Kanada!

M. Dupré: Gibt es eine Stadt Breslau in Deutschland?

M. Schneider: Ja, eine sehr grosse Stadt, die Hauptindustriestadt im Osten Deutschlands.

M. Dupré: (qui a lu l'indicateur) Je vois que notre prochain arrêt est Kitchener et

nous ne sommes pas loin de Stratford. (à son compagnon allemand) Ich sehe in dem Fahrplan dass wir jetzt an Kitchener ankommen. Bald werden wir in Stratford sein.

M. Schneider: Diese ist eine echte deutsche Stadt. Beinahe alle Einwohner sind von deutscher Herkunft. Man sagt dass vor dem Grossen Kriege Kitchener, Berlin hiess, wie die Hauptstadt Deutschlands. Der jetzige Name wurde einem britischen Staatsmann Grafen von Kitchener zu Ehren gegeben.

M. Dupré: (à sa femme)—Les habitants de cette ville sont de l'origine allemande. Avant la Grande Guerre, elle s'appelait Berlin. Je crois que nous nous approchons maintenant de Petersbourg. Le nom a le son d'une ville russe, n'est-ce pas? L'ancienne capitale. (à leur compagnon de voyage en montrant l'enseigne à la gare)—Denken Sie in Russland zu sein, mein Freund?

M. Schneider: Ja, vor zwanzig Jahren. Aber, mein Herr, ich habe Ihren Fahrplan gelesen und ich sehe noch zwei deutschen Namen. Sehen Sie, bitte, an Baden und Hamburg. Auf einmal habe ich Heimweh. Immer werde ich mich Baden erinnern, den Schwarzwald, die Universitätsstadt Heidelberg und Karlsruhe, denn Baden ist einer der grösseren Staaten Deutschlands —und Hamburg mit seinem berühmten Seehafen. Ich fuhr von Hamburg ab. Hoffentlich werde ich viele Freunde in diesem Teil des Landes finden.

Mme. Dupré: (après que son mari lui a raconté ces histoires des vieilles villes de l'Allemagne)—Je voudrais bien voir de temps en temps un nom français. Il y en a trop d'allemands, je crois. Comment appelle-t-on le prochain arrêt? Puis-je voir l'indicateur? Eh! bien, Shakespeare. Au moins c'est un nom bien connu et étroitement lié à Stratford. Le célèbre poète est né à Stratford sur l'Avon en Angleterre si je m'en souviens. Demandez à notre ami des renseignements pendant que je réveille Jacques. Il dort profondément, le pauvre petit. (Elle le secoue doucement)—

M. Schneider: (en regardant Jacques)—Der Knabe ist sehr müde, nicht war? Wie glücklich sind die Kinder! Sie können immer einschlafen. (à M. Dupré)—Und jetzt, mein Freund, sind wir bald in unserem neuen Heim. Ich hoffe dass es uns

da gefallen und gelingen wird. Mein Bruder sagt dass die Stadt klein aber schön ist und wegen des Namens wie die Klassische Stadt bekannt. Sie wissen dass der grosse englische Dichter zu Stratford am Avon in England geboren wurde. Die Schulen und die verschiedenen Stadtbezirke tragen die Namen der Rollen

seiner Schauspiele, nämlich, Falstaff, Romeo, Hamlet, u.s.w. Das ist ja sehr interessant. (en regardant par la fenêtre)—Sehen Sie jene grossen Schornsteine. Sie gehören zu den Fabriken ich denke. Vielleicht werden wir uns bald da begegnen. (Le train s'arrête) Wir sind angekommen —also, auf wiedersehen!



CAST OF "THE COUNT AND THE CO-ED"

FRONT ROW—Jean Low, Patricia MacNamara, Evelyn Gatenby, Delphine Noll, Mary Manson, Dorothy Farrell, Jean Stratton, Marion Brown, Jean French.

SECOND ROW—Florence Pelton, Zelma Dempsey, Verda Gravelle, Alice Darling, Betty Davis, Dorothy Symonds, Phyllis Thompson, Joan Wilkie, Jessie Holmes.

BACK ROW—Stewart Dixon, Winnie Garner, Jean Garner, Jack Merril, Bill Grainger, Bob Verner, Keith Petterson, Ken. Ingham, Lorne Hall, Bob Coghill, George Whiteside, Lilian Murie, Ruth Farmer.

Senior Literary Society

Tom Rust

Alice Darling

Ruth Hill

Elizabeth Dempsey



Stratford, Ontario

March 4, 1937

Dear Margaret:—

For the last week I have been vainly trying to think of an original idea for writing up an article for our annual *Collegian*, which is being published sometime before Easter. I haven't been very successful and so I decided to write to you, to see if you could give me some help.

During 1936-37 the Collegiate played host to several very important guests and as the Special Reporter, it is my duty to write an account of these visits. Did you have Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir at your school last year? We did. They came on May 28. Of course there was quite a number of people with them, such as Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Redfern, (Mr. Redfern is the Governor's secretary) and Captain P. J. S. Boyle, aide-de-camp. All our teachers were grouped informally in the Assembly Hall. Mr. Sprung, our principal, and Colonel Trow, the chairman of the Board of Education, accompanied their Excellencies and the teachers were presented one by one. Lord Tweedsmuir spoke to the pupils outside, after Lady Tweedsmuir was presented with a copy of the last edition of the *Collegian*. This *Collegian* was bound in white sheepskin, lettered with gold; so, as you can imagine, it really looked very smart. I was chosen to present this copy and could not get outside in time to hear Lord Tweedsmuir speak. However, I heard all the pupils applauding with great enthusiasm and gathered from that, that he had declared the rest of the day a holiday.

While their Excellencies continued their tour around Stratford, quite a number of us went down to the station to see their special train. We were fortunate enough to be taken

all through it. It is difficult to describe on paper but it certainly was lovely. There was a narrow corridor all along one side and the tiny rooms branched off from it. Most of the bedrooms had brightly coloured chintz drapes. The beds were like bunks, being built into the wall. In the front of this coach there was an observation car. Books and papers were strewn about giving the place a cosy appearance. The second coach held the dining-room, kitchen, engineer's room and servants' quarters. The little dining-room had orange chintz curtains and the furniture was lacquered green. We had to make it a very hurried visit as their Excellencies were expected shortly for dinner.

Our other distinguished guests were Honourable Dr. Herbert A. Bruce and Mrs. Bruce. Dr. Bruce and his wife came to open the new X-ray wing in the Hospital on January 25, 1937. As he had a little time in the morning, he came up to the school. He is a fine looking, white-haired gentleman and won the heart of every student with his short address. He told us of the horrors of war but explained how it had its bright side too. It was there he had met his charming wife. She was then serving in France as a V. A. D. He also said that he had asked his seventeen-year-old son what he should say to us and his advice had been to give us a half-holiday. He did this and though we thought we were not going to get it, sure enough when we went to school in the afternoon, we were sent home.

Well, my dear, I've told you all that my article is to embody. If you have any original ideas for a good set up please let me know at once because the book is to be printed shortly.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH McTAVISH.



THE "AT HOMES"

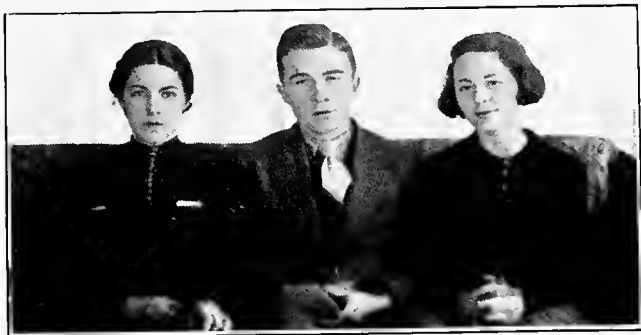
Students' Council

Fern Nickel

Norman Root

Marion Pawson

John Gerby (absent)



THE JUNIOR AT HOME

For the second year in succession the two At Homes, Junior and Senior have been held separately. This idea has proven to be successful and will probably be carried out for other years.

All the teachers have co-operated splendidly in making it the students' big night. Miss Dale and Miss Jolly spent much time teaching the girls small dances which were performed in the Assembly Hall and the boys' gymnasium. Credit should also go to Mr. Sinclair, who teaches the boys' Physical Training, for their excellent performance.

In the Assembly Hall, which was decorated in red and green, the parents of the students were welcomed by a reception committee consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Sprung, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Miss McQueen, Miss M. C. Ross, J. Gerby, Marion Pawson, and C. Ohler.

The students danced in the Assembly Hall to the music of Otto Henderson's orchestra while the parents and teachers watched the scene.

In the lower hall, rooms were open for games. Many competed and as a reward for the winners, boxes of chocolates were given away.

Pictures were to have been shown in the girls' gymnasium by Mr. Adamson, but owing to a mishap they did not arrive in time.

Altogether the At Home was a great success and we are sure all the pupils had a very good time and will look forward for the next similar event.

THE SENIOR AT HOME

Spring is here! We find ourselves waiting eagerly for the final days of school to pass. However, there is one thing which took place during this year, that will live keenly in our minds for some time—the Senior At Home.

Many students crab and nag about only having one dance, but, when we have a dance we really have a nice one. Neither time nor effort is spared.

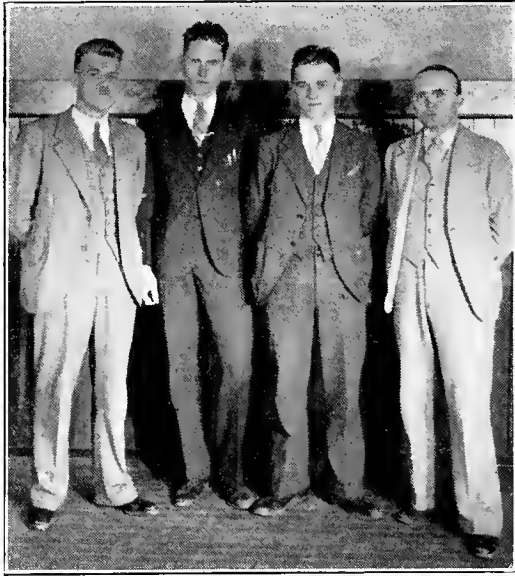
For weeks ahead, plans were made, decorations were put up and everything was prepared for the "Big Night." Miss Dale and Miss Jolly were busy coaching willing workers in their dance routines; Miss Cameron, with her committee planned a delicious lunch.

Finally the night arrived. Every "Belle" must look her best and many "Beaux" sported tuxedos or "tails" for the first time. Proud parents joined the happy throng in the beautifully decorated assembly hall, where Otto Henderson's orchestra had already started to play.

At intermission, Margaret Pletch and Ernest Smith were presented with their scholarships. Ruth Colclough received the Muriel Bothwell award for proficiency in Domestic Science.

During the evening Duff Johnston and Edward Greenwood, two of our amateur photographers, took many pictures which turned out very well. In years to come, we will all look at these pictures with a sigh as we think of the good time we had at our "Annual At Home."

The Students' Parliament



R. N. Bissonnette M. N. O'Leary
Ken. Ingham John Gerby

THE STUDENT PARLIAMENT PROCLAMATION!

"The First Session of the Student Parliament will be held Tuesday, the twenty-second day of December, nineteen hundred and thirty-six at nine o'clock in the morning."

What excitement! What enthusiasm! Once again the Parliament was the main topic of conversation among the students. But few stopped to ask themselves the question, "Who was actually responsible for the establishing of the Student Parliament?"

To answer this question, we would have to go back to a day in March, 1936, when Ken Ingham first suggested to three or four senior students the idea of beginning a Student Parliament. All agreed that it was an excellent idea and thought that something should be done to promote it but not one of them was willing to help him overcome the numerous difficulties which presented themselves.

However, realizing the great benefits that would be derived from such an organization, he then approached two teachers with his idea. In them he found a greater enthusiasm and a readiness and willingness to co-operate. After numerous interviews with these two

teachers during which many of the problems were discussed, an outline of the organization was finally completed.

Throughout the summer, Ingham continued to work on his idea, and when school reopened, he had a more definite outline prepared. Early in September, he presented to Mr. Sprung this outline which immediately met with the latter's approval.

With this end in view, several of the senior students interested themselves in the parliament and attended subsequent meetings at which the plans of organization were completed. A notice was then placed on the main bulletin board which read as follows,—

—A STUDENT PARLIAMENT—

An educational project.

To have the students participate in the summoning and carrying out of a parliament, in order to learn how parliamentary government is organized and conducted.

As an appreciation of and training for democracy.

To provide experience and practice in public speaking.

To provide an opportunity for the students to discuss some of the vital and interesting problems in the world about them.

To help students to understand school and education better through discussion of its problems and difficulties.

To foster and promote to the fullest extent—school spirit—not only in name but in act.

To establish constant friendly understanding between the student body and those into whose hands the management of the school is given.

—In a word—to develop School Citizenship!
ORGANIZATION,—

There will be two parties, the Blue Circle party, led by Kenneth Ingham and the Black Square party, led by John Gerby.

Each form of the Middle and Upper Schools will nominate candidates to both parties and will elect members as follows: five members from each third form including Commercial, six members from each fourth form and seven members from each fifth form including Special Commercial.

The party which returns the majority of

members will form the government, the other party will form the opposition.

The leader of the party in power will choose a cabinet from the members of the House.

The Speaker of the House will be appointed by the government.

—If nothing else, be a school citizen!—

All are aware of the course of events from this point. At a general assembly, the party leaders outlined their platforms for election. The nominations were held in the forms and a lively and interesting campaign followed.

The highlight of the campaign was, undoubtedly, the parade to the flats, held by both parties on the occasion of a junior rugby game. Each party gathered its members together and marched down to the flats, singing their respective party songs and preceded by banners and a band.

On Wednesday, the twenty-eighth of October, the elections were held in every form. Twenty-nine members were elected by each party. A tie! A seeming impossibility! Yet these were the results. After recounting the ballots, it was discovered that the Black Square party had the majority of votes and it was declared the government.

The day for the first session of the Student Parliament came. The students of the Upper and Middle schools assembled in the gymnasium. The members of parliament then filed in and took their places, the government on the right of the Speaker's chair, the opposition on the left. The session was officially opened by the Lieutenant-Governor, Edward Greenwood. The Lieutenant-Governor entered the House preceded by the Sergeant-at-arms, Keith Petterson and attended by a Guard of Honour consisting of Jack Wettlaufer and William Nisbit. May we pause here to pay the sincere compliments of all to Ed. Greenwood for the splendid way in which he fulfilled the duties of his office? Upon advising the immediate choice of a Speaker, the

Lieut.-Governor retired. Robert Coghill was duly nominated and unanimously elected to the Speaker's chair. After the robing of the Speaker, the Lieut.-Governor re-entered the House, read the Speech from the Throne, and one more retired. The replies to the Speech from the Throne were made by Mary Harrison, Murray Kilpatrick, James McCardle and Ivan Coleman for the government, and by Mabel Zurbrigg, William Buchner, Joseph Kiloran and James Neilson for the opposition. After the election of James McCardle to the office of Deputy Speaker, the first session of the Student Parliament adjourned until a suitable future date.

The Premier and the Leader of the Opposition take this opportunity to thank wholeheartedly all those who assisted in making the Parliament a success. They appreciate sincerely the great enthusiasm displayed by the students not only during the campaign, but throughout the whole program. In the first session the parliament was officially opened. It is to be hoped that in a second session a Bill will be passed and the parliament will be officially prorogued.

Perhaps this program does not quite fulfil the expectations of some of the students. However, as much as possible was done in the limited time and under the circumstances.

Let us remember this one thing, students—the success or failure of the Parliament rests with us! Only a beginning has been made. The great test is yet to come! With the wholehearted co-operation of every student, Parliaments can not fail to be a great success. In a short time, the Parliament will undoubtedly become a part of the school life—a part in which every student may share and a part which will prove to be not only a great asset to the school but more important, to the students themselves!

“BE A GOOD SCHOOL CITIZEN!”

By J. Gerby, 5A.

The latest batch of prisoners arrived at the local jail, and one of the wardens was taking particulars.

“Come on,” said the warden to one of the prisoners, “sign your name here at the bottom.”

“Sorry,” replied the prisoner, “I can’t write.”

The warden thought for a moment, but could see no way out.

“All right,” he said at last, “but what are you in for?”

“Forgery.”

“But how could you be convicted of forgery when you can’t even write?”

The prisoner shook his head.

“Well,” he answered, “I think I must have had a rotten lawyer.”



Sports

BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Nominations and election of the officers of the Athletic Societies were held in the first week of school. These bodies support all athletics in the school.

Main Executive:

Hon. President, W. L. Sprung; President, J. Blatchford; Vice-President, T. Patterson; Secretary, R. McIntosh; Treasurer, W. Buchner.

Form Representatives:

- 5A B. Kennedy, K. Groves.
- 5B B. Neilson, G. Farrow.
- 4A R. Trethewey, S. Shivas.
- 4B A. Walkolm, J. Morris.
- 4C H. Furlong, R. Crerar.
- 3A B. Hamilton, J. Hayter.
- 3B A. Martell, J. McAtee.
- 3C K. Pigeon, L. Scorgie.
- 2A J. Davis.
- 2B K. Harrison.
- 2C N. McAtee.
- 2D J. Roberts.
- 2E G. Trethewey.
- 1A L. Bradshaw.
- 1B R. DeLaFranier.
- 1C N. Griffin.
- 1D F. McKeough.
- 1E T. Ryan.
- 1F H. Turnbull.
- C1A J. Dolson.
- C1B D. Litz.
- C2A B. Easson.
- C2B B. Strain.
- C3 J. Stirling, H. Harloff.
- Sp.C. W. Waddle, D. Green.

The girls' society joined with the boys in providing a booth for field day, which was a success.

The first of the school letters were presented to a worthy winner. E. Smith, who won a University of Toronto Scholarship, received the Boy's School Letter. Smith was a member of the Sr. Rugby team, an able scholar, and

he had taken a large part in the activities of the school.

Another campaign was launched in order to get a school song and yell. Although a considerable number of contributions were received it was hoped that even better efforts could be made.

In the Boys' Events

Juvenile Champion, K. Murray, with 14 points; Runner-up, N. Griffin, with 12 points.

Junior Champion, D. Mott, with 10 points; Runner-up, L. Campbell, with 6 points.

Intermediate Champion, K. Pigeon, with 21 points; Runner-up, B. Manning, with 15 points.

Senior Champion, R. Coghill, with 18 points; Runner-up, N. Root with 11 points.

J. Blatchford won the 3-mile race for his second time in as many years.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Nominations for the offices of the Girls' Athletic Society were held on September 14, 1936. The elections were held on Sept. 18, 1936. The following were elected to the offices:

Hon. President—Miss F. Dale

President—Floris Zulauf

Vice President—Elizabeth Dempsey

Secretary—Mary Myers

Treasurer—Margaret Cornish

Form Representatives:

- 5A Ferne Nickel, Gladys Hodge
- 5B Margaret Inglis, Florence Lawson
- 4A Jessie Holmes, Marion Root
- 4B Edith Fitzgeorge, Dorothy Thistle
- 4C Alona Cameron, Phyllis Thompson
- 3A Velma Bailey, Barbara Crane
- 3B Lillian Murie, Margaret Mitchell
- 3C Helen Robertson, Elsie Wettlaufer
- 2A Audrey Appel
- 2B Jeanne French
- 2C Grace Linsay
- 2D Loretta McCauley
- 2E Shirley Ross
- 1A Betty Appel
- 1B Olive Ford
- 1C Mae Hewett
- 1D Mary Manson
- 1E Dorothy Ryan
- 1F Betty Tomlinson



Elizabeth Dempsey

Margaret Cornish

Mary Myers

Floris Zulauf



Ross MacKintosh

Tom Patterson

Bill Buschner

Joe Blatchford (Abs.)

Special Commercial,

Marcella Liebler, Vera Knack

C3 Enid Rogers, Mary Hodgins

C2A Florence Carr C2B Joan Marshall

C1A Doris Lane C1B Mildred Nicoll

At the first meeting of the Society for 1936-37, managers were voted to direct the various sports for the year, as follows:

Tumbling, Loretta McCauley

Basketball, Edith Fitzgeorge

Baseball, Elsie Wettlaufer

Volley Ball, Velma Bailey

Tennis, Ferne Nickel

Badminton, Mary Hodgins

At the following meetings business pertaining to the Athletic activities of the school was introduced, discussed and the necessary steps taken. Altogether the year in the way of girls' sports was successful, the girls entering more heartily than ever before into the events.

FIELD DAY

The dates for the Annual Field Day were chosen as the first and second of October but owing to rain the events of the first day were postponed and they all took place on Friday the second.

The co-operation of the teachers as well as the students helped in no small way to make the field day a huge success.

The Juvenile and Junior classes were well represented but numbers dwindled for the intermediate and senior classes. However, the competition was keen and when the final winners were decided upon, the true athletes were singled out.

There is little need to mention the popularity of the booth. Although it was just busy for one day it was well patronized.

In the Girls' Events:

Senior cup winners—Floris Zulauf, Mary Harrison, each with 19 points.

Runner-up—Lillian Elder, with 11 points.

Intermediate cup winner—Barbara Crane, 19 points.

Runner-up—Dorothy Symonds, 13 points.

Junior cup winner—Elsie Smith, 13 points.

Runner-up—Audrey Appel, 9 points and Jean French, 9 points.

Juvenile cup winner — Betty Appel, 17 points.

Runner-up—Doreen Allen and Margaret Reed, 9 points.



SENIOR GIRLS' BB. TEAM 1936-37

Front row—Mabel Zurbrigg, Barbara Crane, Grace Capling, Floris Zulauf, Gladys Hodge, Ruth Cookson, Edith Fitzgeorge.

Back row—Velma Bailey, Jean Garner, Wininie Garner, Frances Dale, Dorothy Symonds, Lilian Murie, Gwen Parkinson.

JUNIOR BB. TEAM

Front row—Patterson, Cree, Shurrie, Ingram, Preston, Nichols, R. Trethwey.

Back row—Byrick, Linley, Evans, Hamilton, Manning, G. Trethwey, Shivas, Sinclair (coach).



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The S. C. I. girls team was grouped with London Central this year. However, before their competitions started an exhibition game was held with the Stratford Normal School in which the Normal were defeated, the score being 44—0. (Tuesday, December 8.)

Kitchener's team had a slack year when all their basketball players had graduated and the oncoming juniors were not quite able to take their place. They played a good game but not quite good enough. The final score was 17—9 in Stratford's favour. (January 29 Friday.)

The first league game Stratford played was with London Central. Their team was exceptionally good having defeated London Tech last year's W.O.S.S.A. winners. To watch the field work of the London girls was a treat and they showed themselves superior to the Stratford team. The score was 33—2 in London's favour. (February 5 Friday) in London.

When London came to Stratford, February

12, the Stratford girls knew what to expect. They had done some serious practicing before their opponents' arrival and showed themselves more equally matched. After an extremely close and exciting game London came out on top with a 14—8 lead. With London's two successive wins Stratford was put out of the W.O.S.S.A. running, but that did not dampen the girls' enthusiasm for more basketball. A return game with Kitchener showed Stratford still superior, the final score being 14—7 in Stratford's favour.

The last game the girls played this season was with the Normal School but competition was not very keen and Stratford came out on top with a 23 point lead.

The Junior Girls did not enter W.O.S.S.A. this year but in a game with Kitchener they defeated their rivals 16—12. It was their only important appearance but it proves to anyone in doubt that there are some good Junior players that will make excellent senior material.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball is a clean, fast game. Then, why is it so poorly attended? True, there is not much room for spectators, but is basketball losing its value in the field of sports? DOES IT NOT offer enough thrills? If it does, then it warrants a much greater attendance; so next term patronize the games freely.

The S. C. I. was represented only in the Junior W.O.S.S.A. competition this year. However these plucky youngsters fought their way into the semi-finals by winning three out of four games. They took two games from Kitchener-Waterloo and split even with Galt. In the play-offs with Galt the Stratford boys were not so fortunate because they were defeated twice, 26-12 and 18-12. This put an end to their fight for the championship.

The Team:

(Guards) Trethewey, Shivas.

(Forwards) Ingram, Nickel.

(Centre) Evans.

(Alternates) Byrick, Preston, Shurrie, Linley, Hamilton, Manning, Cree.

HOCKEY

With three Junior teams in O.H.A. competition material for the school team was limited. However the best teams that conditions permitted were put into the series.

Senior Hockey.

The seniors were hit the hardest by these conditions. In the first game with London they were defeated 7-1. Although eliminated by the number of goals scored on the round the players received much satisfaction by handing the London players a 3-2 defeat on their home ice.

The junior team defeated the less experienced Ingersoll boys quite handily. They advanced into the second round against London Technical School and again won both games of a home-and-home series by the scores of 8-3 and 3-2. They were now headed for their second championship in as many years. In the first game of the finals the S. C. I. team received their first defeat at the hands of a faster Windsor-Walkerville Tech. team by the score of 8-5. In the second game the S. C. I.

SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back row — Patterson, Wrennick, Duff, Carr, Ingham, Jones, Fleischhauer.

Front row — Mr. Bryan, Freeman, Morris, Dempsey, Wallace, Dickson.

**JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM**

Front row — Jeffery, Nichols, Killoran, Stewart, Mavitty, E. Shantz, Peck.

Back row — Mr. Sinclair (coach), Patterson, Carnegie, Myers, M. Shantz, Byrick, Marks, Schultz, Dent.





SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Mr. Sinclair, Ingham, Murphy, Verner, McKeough, Wrennick, McDougal, Evans, Shivas, W. Harris, A. Harris, Kilpatrick, Groves, Duff, Fraser, Lee, Killer, Smith, Trethewey, Pope, Johnston, Graham, Carr, Hanlon, Dent, Knechtel.

Juniors came within one goal of winning the championship for the second time, but they were unable to hold the Windsor lads. The game ended in a 5—5 tie, but Windsor won the title by virtue of their 8—5 win in Stratford. The silver cup will no longer rest in the trophy case of the Stratford Collegiate-Vocational Institute.

W.O.S.S.A. competition permits very few students to take part. However this did not stump the willing athletes. Practically every form was represented in the fight for the Interform Basketball Shield. These games give less experienced players a chance to show what they are made of. Here one can see the best players of each class and new material for our teams can be picked out. The various shields were won by 2B, 3C, 5B.

Competition for the Reinhart Memorial Cup was very keen this year. The cup is awarded annually to the best hockey team in the school. This year it was won by Form 3C who also held it last year.

RUGBY

Rugby practice began in earnest in the second week in September. The students turned out in their old clothes for a chance to make the team. For three weeks the boys neither saw nor felt the pigskin as Coach Ray Sinclair was intent on building up a substantial body resistance.

Junior Rugby:

Players eligible for Junior competition greatly outnumbered the Senior players. With plenty of last year's team still in the school and a wealth of new material it was felt that

this year the Red Devils from Woodstock might be handed a trouncing. Unhappily all our hopes were shattered as the Woodstock boys decisively disposed of our lads in three straight games. However badly the Juniors were defeated they deserve much praise because they accepted defeat like gentlemen.

(Snap) Patterson; (Insides) Shivas, Groves; (Middles) Trethewey, Pope; (Ends) Evans, Inglis; (Quarter) Furlong; (Halves) Crerar, Lamont, Hayter, Scorgie; (Alternates) Turnbull, Martel, Manning, Farrow, Schaus and Huras.

The Senior team looked like a sure-fire silver cup winner. They found no trouble in eliminating the less experienced St. Jerome's squad by the large score of 80—0 on the round.

Hopes ran high as the powerful St. Thomas team was defeated both at home and away. In the first game, after the score remained tied for three quarters of the time, the locals put on the pressure and scored two quick touch-downs to take the game 17—6. The second game ended in a 11—7 win for the S. C. I.

All good things must have an ending and so the Seniors met their masters in the heavier K-W Collegiate squad. Kitchener squelched their way to a 19—8 victory on the Stratford gridiron. A two inch layer of mud made good playing impossible. After leading the Kitchener boys for the larger part of the second game, the Collegiate squad again tasted defeat. Having suffered two defeats the Stratford team was now out of W.O.S.S.A. competition. The Kitchener team was eliminated by Kennedy Collegiate of Windsor.

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

Each form in the school entered the inter-form competitions. The Junior School Championship was won for the first time by First Form. 1A were the successful winners. The Senior School Championship was won by 4B. Good sportsmanship and a keenness for the game was exhibited throughout the entire series.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Junior Girls' line-up:

FORWARDS: Jean Stewart, Elsie Wettlaufer, Gwen Cookson, Doris Harloff, Owna Sewell, Loretta McCauley.

GUARDS: Marjorie Schaus, Helen Preston, Jean Low, Jean French, Margaret Commerford, Helen Robertson.

BADMINTON

A Tournament was held this year, not from among the girls to decide the best player, but among those who had taken the game up for the first time this season.

Doubles:

Betty Appel, 1A
Marion Taylor, 1F

Singles:

Betty Appel
Runner-up: Ruth Waters.

Consolation Singles:

Mary Ellen Paterson, Fifth Form.

SIGNALLING AND SHOOTING

Mr. Bryan has 26 qualified signallers under his care this year. Thanks should be given to him not only for this but also for conducting form rifle teams with the idea of picking a balanced team to represent the S. C. V. I. in competition.



FRONT ROW—Betty Tomlinson, Elsie Smith, Ruth Waters, Betty Appel.
BACK ROW—Eva Verner, Robert Coghill, Floris Zulauf, Mary Harrison, Joe Blatchford, Barbara Crane.

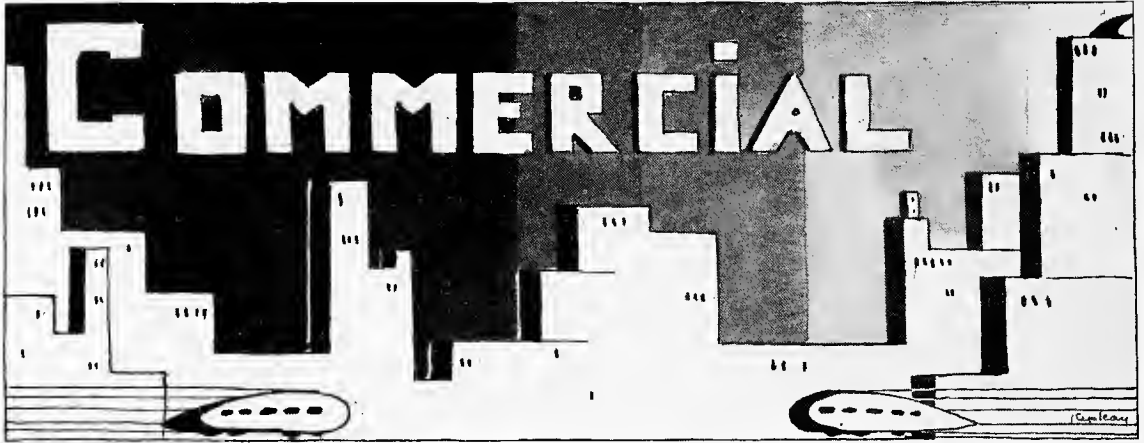
TENNIS

The tennis tournament was regarded as one of the major events this season with many girls taking part in the competition. The Senior Tennis Trophy was won by Floris Zulauf. Eva Verner and Floris Zulauf won the doubles.

A Junior competition was also held this year, Ruth Waters winning the singles and Betty Tomlinson and Ruth Waters the doubles.



RIFLE TEAMS



SPECIAL COMMERCIAL O. E. WHITELY

BOYS:

Howard Ahrens, Herman Appel, Lawrence Banks, Charles Carr, Edward Coulter, George Kalbfleisch, Leonard Plaskett, Ward Waddle, John Wettlaufer, Thomas Witt.

GIRLS:

Beta Armstrong, Winifred Croxall, Lilyan Davenport, Mildred Finlay, Ruth Hill, Christina James, Vera Knack, Iva Leary, Marcella Liebler, Betty Long, Jean MacDonald, Eileen McClean, Helen McNamara, Elizabeth McTavish, Florence Pelton, Pearl Rohfritsch, Mary Scobbie, Denman Smith, Betty Smythe, Bernice Tout, Betty Willoughby.

A MILE AND A HALF FROM SCHOOL

We're a mile and a half from school, you know,
And it rains to-day, so we can't go.
We'd go ten miles to a dance or show
Though the rain should fall and the winds should blow.
But the school is different, we'd have you know,
That's why when it rains, we just can't go.
But we always go to the things we like,
And we ride if we can; if we can't, we'll hike.

It is said that if Adam came back to earth he would recognize nothing but the jokes.

Jack Fitzgerald, a worthy student of special commercial, left our shelter to take a position with the Bank of Nova Scotia. It is hoped that he will fill his place well and the students of special wish him all the success in the world.

Herbert Frazer is now a member of the staff of stenographers of the Farquharson and Gifford firm of Stratford.

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR AS A TYPIST

There is an old saying that "the King can do no wrong," but it may not apply to ex-kings; also it may not apply to typing. These thoughts are prompted by a London dispatch to American newspapers, dated February 2, as follows:

"The Duke of Windsor is learning to use the typewriter—but, it was apparent today, not so fast.

"From his retreat at Enzesfeld, Austria, the Duke sent a self-typed letter to the British Legion, thanking its members for a Christmas expression of 'undying gratitude' for the help given the legion as Prince of Wales and King.

"In his reply he wrote a small 'b' in 'British Legion' and corrected it in ink. He spelled 'thoughts' 'tuoughts' and likewise corrected that in ink. He omitted the period at the end of the first paragraph. In a sentence, 'My best wishes to you all for a happy Christmas,' he rendered 'to' as 'ti' and corrected it by overtyping an 'o' on the 'i'; after the word 'Christmas' he made two commas instead of one and, giving it up, left both in."

SPECIAL

I saw the folk in Special
As I was going past;
The dreamy folk in Special,
Getting nowhere fast.
My heart was with the Special-ites
Whose teachers all were "sassed."

The hours go slow in Special
The languid hours and drear;
But they go a trifle slower
When four o'clock is near;
Then detention time with Mr. Sprung—
Even the big lads quake with fear.

Come night, they leave the bag of homework,
The pencil, and the pen;
The dried-out books of Special,
And learn to play again.
They slave their merry days away,
Why work at night till ten?

Blessings on you, dreamy Specialites,
With brows furrowed deep with care;
With heads that ache, and lips that droop,
And a staff that gets in your hair;
The way you worked in the form before,
'Tis a wonder that you're there!

PUT THINGS BACK

There is one habit you can start forming now that will prove invaluable to you for the rest of your life. It will help you in your work, in your home, and among your friends.

Here it is: When you borrow a thing, put it back where you got it and in the same condition in which it was when you borrowed it.

Few things are more irritating than to have an acquaintance or a friend borrow a book, for instance, promise to bring it back within a certain time, then keep it for weeks, and finally return it with the pages all dog-eared and the cover warped. You don't have much respect for a person who does such a thing.

If you borrow a pencil from another boy's or girl's desk at school, put it back when you are through with it. Respect other people's property. If you want to use a thing ask for it and then treat it right. The result will be that the next time you want something from a boy or girl who owned the pencil you'll get it and gladly.

It's easy to form this habit. Start now. You'll be repaid a thousand times.

Vera: "Can you imagine what it is like to be in love, to sit next to the man you adore and feel your very innermost soul vibrate?"

Jean: "Of course, my dear, I feel like that every time Jack takes me out on his motor-bike."

TEACHING MY SISTER TO ROLLER SKATE

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to love and a young woman's to Easter bonnets, future husbands, and in my sister's case to roller skating.

One day in March, during the noon meal, Claire announced brightly, "I want to learn to skate, will you teach me Ted?" There was blank silence for two minutes while I tried to get control of myself. I was painfully aware of the 150 lbs. *avoids* de ma soeur, and I had visions of the struggle it was going to be—almost as bad as teaching an elephant to ride a bicycle. But my chivalrous nature rose to the occasion. "Of course, be glad to, but—" Here I launched into a ten-minute recital of the hard work and danger entailed by learning to skate. No politician ever talked as emphatically as I did, but all to no avail. She had made up her mind, and you know that causing the Sphinx to smile is child's play compared with trying to change a woman's mind against her will.

The following Wednesday was fixed as the day for the ordeal. In the interim my sister had purchased a splendid pair of Tern-Rite skates, and after supper we sallied forth. I went on foot, thinking I could support her better if I was sure of my standing. I put on Claire's skates—made sure they would not come off—and gingerly assisted her to rise. We essayed a few steps, I with my right arm around her waist, she pushing her feet forward and out in the prescribed manner. Suddenly the skates played one of their inexplicable tricks which no one expects. They seemed to take wings and shoot forward and up, with no effort on the part of the wearer. Of course my sister's feet and legs went up too as if trying to escape the force of gravity. I managed to support her weight until she regained her feet, but my shoulder muscles creaked with the strain.

Up and down the street we paraded, until after about an hour she had gained a little confidence, although she still felt much as a sailor does when he first lands. Then I sat on our verandah steps, put on my skates and we started off together. I took her arm and we made slow

but sure progress down the road. When we came to a short decline I released my hold, thinking she could coast down unaided. Unfortunately, at the bottom the road was sprinkled with sand which had been placed on the ice to aid pedestrians, not roller skaters. The friction naturally stopped the skate wheels, but as we learned in physics, "Any body placed in a state of motion continues in motion unless compelled by some external force to change that state," so my sister's frame continued on while her feet stood still—Result!—She did a beautiful flop in the middle of the street. I steamed up and by dint of hauling and pushing got her into a vertical position, dusted her off and we continued on our way.

For a quarter of an hour we skated slowly along Ontario street, enjoying the smooth even surface of the highway. Traffic was practically nil, it was between 6 and 7 o'clock, when suddenly out of the blue, a long, low, high-powered roadster came up on us from behind. The fellow must have been late for a date, for his driving reminded me of Jehu, it was so furious. Just at the time I was parked on the curb, adjusting one of my toe clamps. The man came tearing along and when about 200 ft. away from my sister he slapped his hand on the horn. The shrill bark of the Klaxon of course scared her, and she made the fatal mistake of trying to turn sharply toward the curb. Her feet went up in the direction of the north star, I had a fleeting vision of a yard of silk stocking before she hit terra firma in a superb three-point landing which any aviator would have applauded. I hastened up, got her on to the curb while she regained her breath and examined her anatomy. "No bones broken, thank goodness, but I think I've had enough for one day." And so we turned our steps homeward, with a thankful heart as far as I was concerned.

I held her arm most of the way until we reached the sanctuary of our own street. Then I released my grasp to put on my gloves for the wind was cold. Just at the instant I let go, she struck a small patch of ice which somehow had not melted. Her feet went sideways, the wheels scraping and creaking like the gears of a car when you shift without throwing out the clutch. Of course I was right handy, thanks to my unlucky star, and she grabbed me like a drowning man does a straw. In the act of struggling with refractory gloves I was unprepared, and she managed to throw

me off balance. We crashed—in a pool of dirty cold water. I kept my temper, although I felt like making some cutting remarks, and we finished the journey home in silence. If you could combine the "morning-after" feeling, influenza, a sick headache and hay fever, you would have some small idea of my state of mind and body.

Thus ended Claire's first attempt at learning to skate. She knew now from bitter experience the truth of my warning words. She had no desire to follow the humble spider's example and try, try again. And so I have FOR SALE: I pair Tern-Rite skates, used only once. Apply at Special Commercial.

E. M. COULTER.

FORM COMMERCIAL III, MISS S. L. GREGORY

GIRLS

Evelyn Aberhart, Georgina Atchison, Margaret Bateman, Irene Bradley, Marjorie Brown, Rita Brown, Betty Burford, Grace Douglas, Mary Hodgins, Wilma Lane, Elizabeth McCarthy, Dorothy Monteith, Rheta Murray, Lottie Rigg, Enid Rodgers, Ruby Roesner, Joan Sargeant, Myrtle Satchell, Olive Schernitzki, Margaret Tribick, Ada Wilkins, Thelma Yousie.

BOYS

Wilfred Bennington, John Dempsey, Albert King, Gerald Longueay, Bob Sloat, Gordon Smith, Gerald Stirling, Jack Swift.

HOW TO BE UNPOPULAR WITH COMMERCIAL TEACHERS

1. Always forget to bring needed books to typing room.
2. When in the Lab. talk as much as you see necessary to break the monotony. Then, too, you can make all kinds of noises with the apparatus.
3. Never have a ruler for book-keeping. It is easier to draw lines with the edge of a book.
4. Mutter over your words when giving an answer in Literature. This makes a favourable impression on any teacher.
5. Work in pencil during Arithmetic period, and don't draw a red line one inch wide on the right hand side of your arithmetic book.

Mary and Jack are two lovers,
They sit in French periods and
spoon;
And when the teacher discovers,
She laughingly leaves the
room.

COULD YOU IMAGINE

Mr. Charlton owning a cosmetic shop

Mary Hodgins not with a Jack Albert King returning a picture of Beth McCarthy's which he had for about five months

Mr. Purcell blowing down a vacuum cleaner tube to entertain his son

Evelyn Aberhart not going to Valentine parties and singing in choirs

Gordon Smith refusing a job in Milverton and coming back to school

Evelyn Aberhart a movie actress

Marjorie Brown being six feet tall

Gerald Stirling not playing hooky when school gets a little dry.

Myrtle Satchell being the Champion runner.

One night I went visiting,
And who should be there
But Albert and Beth
Both on the same chair;
Beth rose so gracefully
Blushing like a dunce;
Albert left to get a picture,
That had been missing for months.

There is a boy in C3 called Smitty;
He really is quite witty;
He runs when he walks,
And lisps when he talks,
That's the wee little boy called Smitty.

C3 is noted for its pests
Namely Grace and Ada;
Every period of the day
They poke somebody and say
"How about your homework.
Hey!"

OUT OF ORDER

Thx Idxal Typxwritxr Company
Xvanston, Illinois
Gxntlxmxxn:

Wx hxxrxby wish to acknowl-
dxgx rxcpt of your shipmxxnt of
Fxbuary thx twxnty-sixth,, of
onx of your Xxtra-Spxcially
Quixt Typxwritxrs.

Howxexr, upon opnxng thx
cratx wx find that for thx timx
bxng wx shall bx sorxly handi-
cappxd. In gxxnral, thx typx-
writxr is in pxrfrct mxchanical
condition, xxcxt for onx dxtail.
Throug somx xrror of assmblly,
thxrx sxxms to bx a rathxr xm-
barrassing omission—thxrx is no
lxttr on thx machinx for "x,"
thx fifth lxttr of thx alphabxt.

Will you plxasx bx so kind as
to xithxr sxnd us anothxr mx-
chinx, or havx this onx sxrvic-
icxd as soon as possibx.

Sincxrxly,

Xric Wxlls, Prxsidxnt

THX XXXXLSIOR XXPRXSS
COMPANY.

C2A—I. EASSON**Second Form Commercial****GIRLS**

Betty Borman, Florence Carr,
Jean Carr, Georgeiana Croucher,
Edith Davis, Lella Dellow, Helen
Finch, Dorothy Fountain, Helen
Gee, Constance Gotts, Eileen
Henley, Opal Hodgins, Ruth
Hunt, Delores McGraw, Ada
Rigg, Marjorie Smith.

BOYS

Bernard Baker, Robert Bend-
er, Erle Burdett, Robert Carter,
Maynard Corrie, Leo Cremin,
Jack Dempsey, Daniel Devlin,
Albert Easson, Gordon Ford,
Earl Galbraith, Earl Graf.

C II B—MR. A. CHARLTON**GIRLS**

Pearl Bird, Lillian Elder, Mar-
guerite Hause, John Marshall,
Thelma Maynard, Marie Monck,
Ruth Nash, Mildred Pieper,
Kathleen Pitts, Lorraine Pratt,
Frances Riches, Edna Salter,
Annie Skidmore, Laura Smith,
Joybell Sternall, Gloria Welch,
Marjorie Yeandle.

BOYS

Douglas Freeman, Walter
Huras, Harry Hynd, Marshall
Knowles, John McKeough, Don-
ald McLean, Edward Mark, Har-
old Riehl, George Scott, Bever-
ley Strain, George Wallace.

FORM C II-A.

- A - is for Ada, who is crazy for boys
B - is for Betty, who makes all the noise
C - is for Connie, who is as thin as a rail
D - is for Delores, who never looks pale
E - is for Earl, who makes little noise
F - is for Ford, who loves to play with toys
G - is for Galbraith, the boy with big feet
H - is for Helen, who can't stand the heat
I - is for Ink which we use every day
J - is for Jack, who mutters away
K - is for Kisses, which Corrie enjoys
L - is for Leo, who is always a good boy
M - is for Maynard, who cackles all the time
N - is for Neighbours, just to fill in this line
O - is for Opal, the dunce of the class
P - is for Purcell, the teacher a'las
Q - is for Quarrels, which we seldom have
R - is for Ruth, who never is sad
S - is for Samson, meaning Crem-
in of course
T - is for Teachers, who always use force
U - is for Useful, which we al-
ways are

V - is for Vivian, 6 ft. not by far
W - is for Windows, through which we do gaze

X - is for Xmas, just to fill in this page

Y - is for Yell! when we feel the strap

Z - is for Zeal, which we do not lack.

This wonderful form of C.I.I.A.

C IIB Limericks

We are the boys of C-2B.

We think Education is free.

If we'd study a bit,

We'd perhaps have a fit,

In this wonderful form of 2-B.

(George Wallace)

Every Day Occurrences

A true fact concerning St. Val-
entine's Day, was cut out of the
newspaper, the other day. A
very famous Doctor in Toronto,
cut out his own heart, sent it to
his wife, with his most affection-
ate love, and he is living to-day.
Sounds like Ripley's "Believe it
or not," but is true. Now for
the details of how it was done. A
bloodless, painless, operation
was carried on by himself when
he took an X-ray picture of his
lungs and heart, cut his heart
out of the X-ray picture, put an
arrow through it, and sent it to
his wife. Not one ounce of
chloroform did he take for this
painless, bloodless operation.

Small Joke

Margaret: Here is a lovely
scene, MacLean, of Lake Huron.

MacLean: Scene my eye! all I
can see is water!

Little Advice

Examinations make people
worry and worry—makes some
people thin. It would be a good
idea if Examinations came every
week for a great many people.

In C2B there is a boy named
Strain,

When he tries, it's seldom in
vain

It's easy to tell that he's not
very well,

This boy who builds castles in
Spain.

An English man lay very sick
in a Toronto hospital and the
only thing that could save him
was a blood transfusion. A
young Scotch boy was found to
have just the right kind of blood
for the Englishman. After the
first transfusion the English-
man gave the Scotch lad \$50.00
and after the second transfusion
gave him \$25.00. After the third
transfusion he received only
\$10.00 for his services. Sandy
asked the Englishman why the
payments were falling off and
this is the answer he received:
"Well, Sandy, it must be the
Scotch blood you gave me that is
taking effect in my veins."

There is a fair damsel called
Opal
Who is IIA's last hope, pal,
She sits there and pines, for the
boys at all times

Oh, what a girl is this Opal!

Is Pearl a Bird?
Is Lillian an Elder?
Is Doug. a Freeman?
Is Marg. a House?
Is Marie a Monk?
Is Ruth a Nash?
Is Mildred a Peiper?
Is Frances Rich (es)?

CLASSIFIED ADDS

Lost

One perfectly good tongue in
French period. Please return to
Lillian Elder in C.2.B.

For Rent

Desk in good condition, with
all necessary equipment. Apply
to Harry Hynd C.2.B.

Wanted

A good unemployed man able
to do 2nd form homework, wages
are reasonable.

Wanted

A silencer for Lillian Elder
during Bookkeeping period.
Apply to Mr. Purcell.

Wanted

One lounging chair for Ted
Marks, of C.2.B. Must be in
good condition. (without cast-
ors). Apply to Miss Whitely.

There's a boy in C2B named
Scott,

Of the girls he thinks a lot,
Especially the blond,
Who acts a little gone,
But the HEAD MAKES NO DIF-
ERENCE to Scott.

Betty—I thought that was a
beauty shop, do they sell flow-
ers too?

Dolores—Well, you see it's a
beauty shop and a flower shop
combined into one and there-
fore you get a diphone.

Opal and Lorraine—Ha! Ha!

ADVERTISEMENT:

The man who invented the
NASH car certainly made plenty
of RICHES. In the olden days
the cars used to SKIDMORE.
The MONCKS from the church-
es, the Town MARSHALLS and
even the little BIRDS had to get
out of the way. The horns too
were only little PIEPERS but
now they are a STRAIN on the
ears. These cars can take all
the PITTS without getting a
MARK on them. When you are
sitting be-HYND one of these
cars you feel like a FREEMAN.
Try one and you will have a
RHIEL bargain.

THREE GIRLS OF CIA.

There are three girls in CIA
Who never work, but always
play.

They're in trouble all the time,
And that is why I'm writing
this rhyme,

To tell you about their pranks
and jokes,
And why they're talked about
by all the folks.

The teachers say they're bold
and rude,

But they're always in a happy
mood,

The three of them giggle the
whole day through

And you should hear the teach-
ers chew.

My! but these girls of CIA
Will surely turn the teachers'
hair gray.

CIA—H. L. JOLLY

Girls:

Vesta Aitcheson, Margaret An-
drews, Janette Ballantyne, Dor-
een Barclay, Thelma Barron,
Frances Borman, Marjorie
Brayne, Lyda Brown, Anna
Buchert, Elizabeth Campbell,
Bernice Cross, Phyllis Fletcher,
Audrey Ford, Olive Foster, Carol
Fuhr, Ruth Gerby, Constance
Hartleib, Audrey Hartwick,
Grace Herbert, Margrete Hor-
man, Bernice Huras, Laura
Hutchison, Marjorie Hutchison,
Doris Lane, Gwendolyn Long.

Boys:

Arthur Ackersviller, Thomas
Andrews, Bruce Burdett, Harry
Davis, Percy Dallner, Edward
Dawson, Jack Dolson, Norman
Elgear, Donald Elliott, Howard
Fitzgerald, John Hanley, MacIn-
tosh Hill, Spencer Hill.

CIB—A. D. PURCELL

Girls:

Joyce McArdle, Mary McClach-
erty, Ruby McEwan, Muriel Ma-
guire, June Mohr, Mildred Nich-
oll, Julia Paff, Olga Pauli, Flor-
ence Pratt, Doreen Richardson,
Alice Scott, Mary Scott, Kath-
leen Schmidt, Myrtle Sillifant,
Audrey Sinclair, Jean Slater,
Rose Spendiff, Ruth Towns,
Doris Wettlaufer.

Boys:

David Jackson, Joseph Jeffrey,
John Jesson, George Kiloh,
Douglas Litz, Robert McClach-
erty, Lloyd Magenty, Alfred Mar-
shall, Alvin Martin, Lorne Mit-
chell, William Moore, William Pal-
mer, Maxwell Roxburgh, Ronald
Saunders, Gordon Shuetz, Stan-
ley Wagner, Leonard Yousie.

We wish to congratulate Mil-
dred Nicoll for her success in
winning second place in the First
Form Oratorical Contest. Her
subject was, "Our Future
Homes." All those who took
part in the competition deserve
to be congratulated for their
splendid speaking.

A is for Alice whose last name is
Scott

B is for Bob who talks quite a lot

C is for Mr. Charlton our Arith-
metic teacher

D is for David who should be a
preacher

E is for each of us who make up
this form

F is for Florence who is never
forlorn

G is for Gordon who stalls at his
work

H is for Homework which none
of us shirk

I is for "it" the neuter pronoun

J is for Julia who never wears
a frown

K is for knowledge which leads
to success

L is for Lorne who is never in a
mess

M is for Mary of which there are
three

N is for Nicoll who is always in
glee

O is for Olga who is very nice

P is for Palmer who fishes for
mice

Q is for quiet when one wants to
study

R is for Roxborough whose shoes
are not muddy

S is for Saunders who always
says "ah"

T is for Towns who likes sing-
ing "tra-la"

U is for us who have a lot of fun

V is for victory when the work
is done

W is for Wagner who is very
fair

X is for examinations which are
always hard to bear

Y is for "why" the question we
ask

Z is for zeal which we need for
our task.

FORM C1A.

A is for Arthur, who comes early
to school,

B is for Bernice, who needs the
golden rule,

C is for Carol, whose blushes de-
light,

D is for Don, who could think if
he might,

E is for Ed. whose width doesn't
matter,

F is for Frances, who's not like
the latter,

G is for Gwen, who goes out at
night,

H is for Harry, the teacher's de-
light,

I is for In, where we all should
be at night,

J is for Jack, whose giggles de-
light,

K is for King, whom we all
would like to star,

L is for Lazy, which none of us
are,

M is for Marjorie, who has never
been late,

N is for Norman, who tries to
make dates,

O is for Olive, when at Arith-
metic she thinks,

P is for Percy, whose brains
have no links,

Q is for Questions, all very hard,

R is for Ruth, whose words she
doth guard,

S is for Spencer, whose blush is complete,
 T is for Thinkers, who cannot be beat,
 U is for Us, who are writing this poem,
 V is for Vesta, whose thinker does roam,
 W is for Walls, at which we all gaze,
 X is for X-ray, under which we all daze,
 Y is for Youths, who will stand the test,
 Z is for Zeal, and also for Zest.

"Lena Pry" is the nickname of a girl in 1A.
 Because her nose is in somebody's business all day.
 But can she make eyes at a certain teacher! !
 Till he gets so mad that he sounds like a preacher.

In our form is a lad called Jack Dolson,
 His father said, "Guard the goal, son,
 "Between you and me, we'll make history,"
 Said this father of young Jack Dolson.

A teacher that teaches writing,
 Thinks it very striking.
 The upstrokes are like lightning,
 The down strokes are frightening,
 Thinks this teacher who teaches writing.

Why is the teacher's strap like a grain of sand in the eye?
 Because it hurts the pupil.

Spencer Hill comes to this school every day

For reasons, I never could say,
 It's more of a habit, for he'd never have it,
 If he had more of his way.

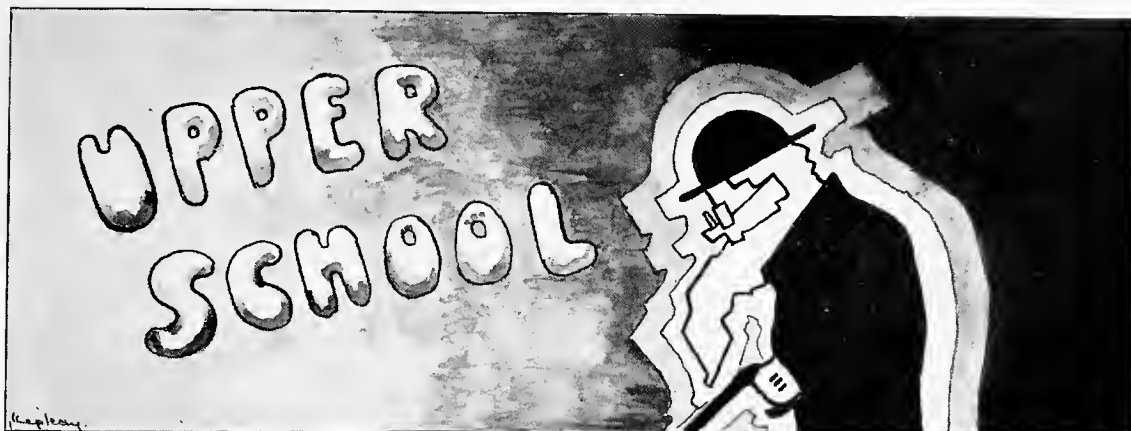
C-1A is a form in our school,
 Where the pupils all need the golden rule,
 One period we freeze, and shiver and sneeze,
 While the next we roast for the want of a breeze.

CAN ANYONE TELL US?

Is Audrey a Ford?
 Is Bernice Cross?
 Is Gwen Long?
 Is Doris a Lane?
 Is Lyda Brown?
 Is Mac a Hill?
 Is Thelma a Baron?
 And has Marjorie a Brayne?



SCENES FROM "THE COUNT AND THE CO-ED"



FORM 5A. FORM TEACHER—MISS R. J. McQUEEN

Kathleen Bell, Elsie Bradshaw, Nina Burrows, Irene Butson, Margaret Cornish, Alice Darling, Jean Dempsey, Gladys Hodge, Katherine Ingram, Marie Krug, Pauline Lemp, Mary Macpherson, Beth Markle, Joy Martyn, Rose Maurer, Edith Ney, Marion Nicholson, Ferne Nickel, Mary E. Pater-son, Marion Pawson, Grace Pitts, Jean Robertson, Pearl Stewart, Jean Sutter, Eva Verner, Floris Zulauf, Mabel Zurbrigg.

Clarence Brogden, Wilson Brown, Ivan Coleman, Stuart Freeman, John Gerby, Horace Gladding, Edward Greenwood, Kenneth Groves, Allen Harris, Fred Heagy, Kenneth Ingham, William Kennedy, Clarence Montgomery, Stanley Morris, William Morris, William Nisbet, James O'Donoghue, Duncan Stewart, Theodore Stewart, Terence Thompson, Hugh Thomson, Gordon Touzel, Robert Verner, Kenneth Ward, Lloyd Winhold, John Woodward, Stuart Young, Hibbert Bean.

FORM 5B. FORM TEACHER—MR. D. S. FULLER

Evelyn Bartlett, Ruth Cookson, Zelma Dempsey, Muriel Douglas, Helen Holman, Margaret Inglis, Florence Lawson, Gertrude Nethercott, Gwendolyn Parkinson.

Henry Barker, Robert Coghill, Stewart Dixon, Jack Duff, Walter Dunbar, Gordon Farrow, Raymond Fleischauer, Moffitt Forster, Fred Fusee, William Gorsline, William Grainger, Lorne Hall, William Harris, Kenneth Heinbuch, Jack Hishon, Everton Holmes, Orval Holmes, Robert Homuth, Robert Jardine, Andrew Johnston, Karl Kalb-fleisch, Robert Killer, Murray Kilpatrick, Jack Kinkade, Jack Knechtel, Leon Lennon, Ross Mack-intosh, Jacque Merrill, James Neilson, Robert Neilson, Keith Petterson, Norman Root, Arnold Schaus, William Stadelman, Harold Stubbs, Felix Walker.

FIFTH YEAR PAGES

General Editor—Jas. O'Donoghue

5A Editor—Eva Verner

The following are general answers to the questionnaire distributed among the students of the Upper School. It was surprising to notice that so many shared the same views on certain questions and that same ideas were expressed over and over again.

Ques. What was the most interesting book that you studied in Literature?

Ans. With regard to the novels studied in Literature there is no doubt but that Lorna Doone, David Copperfield, Tale of Two Cities and the Golden Dog have been the most enjoyed of the novels; while of all the plays Macbeth takes the lead with an almost unanimous vote.

Ques. What does it mean to you to be in the graduating class?

Ans. Now that they have successfully struggled through four forms the students apparently are beginning to look at the more serious side of life. The shadow

5B Editor—Kenneth Mackintosh

of their future life's work has already fallen upon them. There are a number who are preparing themselves for more advanced education which they wish to acquire.

Ques. Are there any interesting historical events that have taken place during the five years that you have been attending the collegiate? Which one do you remember best?

Ans. The death of the beloved George V has most certainly had a greater effect on the students than the abdication of Edward VIII. All showed that they had experienced deep regret with his passing and some remarked how appropriate were the little talks given by the teachers on the mourned monarch. Some mentioned the Spanish Civil War and the tragedy of the Moose River Mine. One insistent person contended,

however, that the birth of the Quintuplets was by far the most outstanding of all historical events.

Ques. What year do you consider to have been your best and why?

Ans. The fourth year is generally chosen as the best year. It is in the fourth year, the students say, that they begin to take a deeper interest in their work and during this year they first begin to learn how to study.

Ques. What was the most outstanding day that you spent at school?

Ans. The outstanding day with the majority of the students is the day of the visit of Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir, partly because Lord Tweedsmuir is a famous novelist. A number also made mention of the visit of Lord and Lady Bessborough.

Ques. What is your hobby, if any?

Ans. The collegiate can boast that in the hobbies of its students it has everything from "soup to nuts." Music is the outstanding one of them all, but there is with music, sewing, knitting, reading, designing, stamp-collecting, the keeping of poetry, scrap-books and even politics.

Ques. What item in the Literary Society program do you remember most? Why?

Ans. Her, the play "The Monkey's Paw" put on by the fifth forms in 1935 is an overwhelming favourite, partly because of the wonderful acting and partly because of the strange behaviour of the audience. "The Monkey's Paw" certainly has left its mark. There are some who make favourable mention of the new venture, the mock parliament.

Ques. Do you think that the Bible should be studied in school?

Ans. All the students are ready to admit that their knowledge of the Bible is still a little foggy in spots. The Bible is considered to be one of the masterpieces of the English Language, references to it are numerous in Literature and these are reasons enough for it to be studied. There is a decided agreement that there should be some form of Bible Study.

Ques. What, in your opinion, makes a teacher respected and admired by his pupils?

Ans. This was the best answered of all the questions. It appears that the students have longed for an opportunity to ex-

press their ideas of a good teacher and when they were given the opportunity they jumped at it. Rather than formulate a general answer Stewart Dixon's answer has been inserted. In his answer he has stated nearly everything that appeared in all the others. "To gain the respect and admiration of the pupils a teacher must have, above all, strength of character. Especially in the higher forms is this true, where the older students readily detect any weakness in the teacher. No teacher without his subject at his fingertips can retain the respect of his pupils. Aside from having a thorough knowledge of the work, however, a teacher must have a personality, be interesting and not be lacking in good humour. If he makes the student think that he is interested in him, that student will work twice as faithfully. If he ridicules a boy for misbehaving, fine!, but the admired teacher never makes capital of a slow thinker.

"In my opinion no one can judge a teacher's character better than the students. As soon as a new teacher comes into the room a class can sense whether or not he means business or whether he is a person with whom liberties can be taken."

Ques. Do you think that radios in the school would be an advantage?

Ans. The students, on the whole, did not seem to think that radios would prove to be beneficial. They expressed the belief that radios might be a great benefit if there were programs supervised and arranged by Universities, but, as it is now, the English spoken over the radio is bad and many good broadcasts do not occur during the school hours.

Ques. Would you favour school hours from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. without homework?

Ans. This question is one which caused a decided split in the vote of the students. The "pros" almost balanced the "cons," but after the smoke of battle had cleared the "cons" were in the lead. With longer school hours and no homework the student would not be troubled by the many distractions of the home, of which the radio appears to be the greatest, and a student would be able to get help from the teachers if he needed it.

However, those sharing the opposite opinion, said that the new hours would be too long for a student to keep concentrating and that an Upper School student could not complete his homework in the allotted time and would have homework anyway. Then too, some said, that without homework to keep inside at night, too many students would be roaming the streets at night. One bright fellow says, "Leave school hours as they are; who cares about a little homework?"

Ques. Have you perceived any change in your manners, ideas, habits or speech since you came to High School?

Ans. There is the general opinion that there has been a gradual improvement in the manners of the students, but that the habits remain much the same as they were. English Literature and Composition have had great effect on their speech.

Ques. What is your advice to a First Former entering the collegiate?

Ans. The old rhyme,
 Early to bed,
 Early to rise
 Make you healthy
 Wealthy and wise,

is the best advice to the first formers according to some of the fifth form students. All impressed the one point, however, that students entering the school should get to work at the very beginning and not get behind in their work. This would make their later school much easier.

We regret to say that with regard to the question, "What incident would you like best to forget?" there were very, very few answers. Apparently the students like to laugh at others, but when it comes down to a question of being laughed at, it is not quite so agree-

A MIDNIGHT FANTASY

(Continued from Page 36)

Japanese garden out of the direct rays of light so as to preserve its natural colours.

For he was a careful man. But he was not alert enough to see that the handsome tin soldier held the porcelain ballet-dancer's red rose. Nor did he notice that the little black poodle had at last jumped through the hoop held by the tiny clown (who, by the way, was made of walnut-wood).

SCHOOL REPRESENTATIVE AT THE CORONATION

The Overseas Education League has arranged that a number of Secondary School pupils of the Empire will have an opportunity to visit London during the Coronation ceremonies. They will see the great procession and will take part in a special religious service in Westminster Abbey on May 19. Forty students will go from Ontario. Stratford Collegiate has the honour of sending one representative, and Miss Elizabeth Dempsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dempsey, of Cambria Street, has been chosen. Elizabeth has all the qualifications demanded by the League. She is an excellent student and has held executive positions in the Literary Society, the Girls' Athletic Association and the Students' Council. All join in wishing her health, happiness and fair weather.

The Editor and his assistants wish to acknowledge with thanks the assistance of various teachers and pupils in the following departments:

General supervision of the whole magazine
 —Miss McQueen.

Moderns Department—Miss Stuart.

Commercial Department—Miss Easson.

Second Form Pages—Miss McGregor.

Advertising—Mr. Fuller.

Sales Campaign—Mr. O'Leary.

Art and arrangement of material in magazine—Mr. Root.

Typing all manuscripts—Miss Easson and students of the Commercial Department.

Photography—Ed. Greenwood, Duff Johnston, and Ivan Coleman.

Mr. Burnett speaking to caddy at first golf game of the season:

"Notice any improvement since last year?"

Caddy: "Well you've had your clubs cleaned up, haven't you?"

EPITAPH

Here lies the body of Susan Jones,

Lying beneath these polished stones,

Her name was Brown instead of Jones,

But Brown won't rhyme with polished stones
 And she won't know if it's Brown or Jones!



4A. FORM TEACHER—MISS F. C. ROSS

Mary Ballantyne, Jean Collins, Winnifred Conyard, Audrey Couch, Elizabeth Dempsey, Dorothy Douglas, Aileen Fisher, Marion Forbeck, Dorothy Hollingworth, Jessie Holmes, Jean Low, Margaret Macmillan, Mary Meyer, Elizabeth Roberts, Marion Root, Jean Smith, Ruth Waddington, Vivian Young.

Joseph Blatchford, William Buchner, Douglas Burdett, Antonio Chitovas, Donald Durst, Gerald Edmonds, Ralph Fraser, Gordon Jocelyn, Gordon Johnston, Melvin King, Kenneth Klopp, James McCardle, Keith McEwin, Thomas Patterson, Stewart Pope, George Rogers, Thomas Rust, Stephen Shivas, Robert Trethewey, Marvin Ward, George Whiteside.

4B. FORM TEACHER—MISS A. M. STUART

Grace Capling, Agnes Connelly, Muriel Cornish, Edith Fitzgeorge, Winnifred Garner, Margaret Gillis, Marjorie Hardwick, Isabel Heidemann, Edna Holliday, Janet Landreth, Phyllis Lee, Grace McKellar, Betty Mason, Shirley Moser, Marguerite Reinhart, Marion Ross, Elizabeth Scott, Marion Smith, Miriam Smith, Mary Stock, Dorothy Symonds, Dorothy Thistle, Irene Tout.

Russell Allen, Jack Beatty, Lorne Gagen, Henry Kalbfleisch, Lindsay Mason, Joseph Morris, Earl Schweitzer, George Sebben, Lloyd Walker, Arthur Walkom, George Young, Gordon Young.

4C. FORM TEACHER—MR. J. F. ADAMSON

Maxine Brothers, Alona Cameron, Grace Casson, Marjorie Clark, Marjorie Harris, Mary Harrison, Jean Hope, Helen Jones, Marjorie Lowe, Helene McCaffrey, Mabel McKague, Helen Nichol, Dolores Pratt, Anna Roberts, Ellen Shivas, Phyllis Thompson, Helen Walsh, Lois Welch, Isabel Withrow.

William Asher, Russell Crerar, Kenneth Cunningham, Harry Dixon, Howard Dixon, Henry Furlong, Howard Graham, Gratton Hanlon, David Holmes, Jack Linley, William Manning, John Meyer, Ross Partridge, Marshall Pearson, John Preston, Henry Sanderson, Donald Savage, James Semple, Lorne Small, Glen Wagner, Robert Young.

3A. FORM TEACHER—MR. W. R. BURNETT

GIRLS:

Annie Adamson, Velma Bailey, Gladys Bain, Lorene Bradley, Marie Brear, Mildred Capper, Betty Challenger, Ruth Colclough, Gwendolyn Cookson, Barbara Crane, Betty Davis, Nora Dorland, Marion Douglas, Marie Dunseith, Shirley Easson, Jean Ewasick, Dorothy Hairland, Nora Higgins.

BOYS:

Douglas Aitcheson, Kenneth Anderson, Robert Appel, William Aspinall, Frank Bailey, David Benner, Owen Borthwick, Angus Campbell, Frederick Clarke, Charles Corke, Allen Cornish, Jack Darling, Leo Davis, Donald Doherty, Charles Dunham, William Eckert, Kenneth Farrow, Robert Frank, Raymond Frost, Gilbert Gillies, Lloyd Gilroy, Robert Hamilton, Jack Hayter.

3B FORM TEACHER—MR. E. C. SHELLEY

GIRLS

Dorothy Holmes, Ruth Hotson, Mary Hoyle, Dorothy Hynd, Margaret Jesson, Dorothy Kalbfleisch, Anne Kidnew, Irene Kirk, Ruth Klopp, Doris Knack, Lila Mackintosh, Jean MacLeod, Ona MacLeod, Dorothy McDonald, Betty McKenzie, Dorothy Matheson, Margaret Mitchell, Lillian Murie, Josephine Pinner.

BOYS

Ross Ingram, Tom Kane, Joseph Killoran, Victor Klopp, William Kropf, Marshall Lawson, Richard Lee, Donald MacDonald, Jerome McAtee, Donald McKellar, Albert Martell, Joe Mavity, Edward May, Fred Miller, Stewart Mulligan, Fred Murphy, Alvin Myers, Hugh Myers, Bruce Nickel, Bob Orr, John Robinson, Richard Thomson.

3C. FORM TEACHER—MR. C. A. BRYAN

GIRLS

Mary Myers, Peggy Orr, Evelyn Paff, Lois Plummer, Helen Preston, Norma Rawling, Margaret Rigg, Merle Robb, Margaret Roberts, Helen Robertson, Marjery Schaus, Katheleen Scott, Jean Smith, Shirley Smith, Vera Smith, Joan Snelling, Frankibelle Spenceley, Jean Stewart, Dorothy Vanstone, Audrey Wagner, Evelyn Werner, Elsie Wettlaufer.

BOYS

Harold Peck, Kenneth Pigeon, Harold Pounder, Terence Quinlan, Ray Ratz, Edwin Roedding, Lloyd Scorgie, John Sevigny, Bruce Shantz, Marley Shantz, Reginald Simpson, John Staples, Stanley Steenacker, Lionel Swatridge, Albert Tuckwood, Vernon Tuer, Cecil Wallace, Robert Withrow.

FOUR A!*By D. H.*

Four A! the pride of our fair school. Who hasn't heard of us—renowned in love and war. We are the bright, intelligent (?) students who are appreciated by all, (that is all in our class) and are the joy of the teachers. Mr. Bryan really admires our extensive knowledge of the unknown world about us. While we are the joy of Mr. Fuller's life with our keen sense of misunderstanding in that difficult subject of Algebra that only bright people such as he can conquer and subdue. Our French is the pride of Miss Stuart's teaching tho everyone can not understand our so-called pronunciation. At music, our voices can't even be classed in the same category as canaries (they are far superior to us). With our famous forethought, we long ago realized what leaving our beloved teachers would mean, so several of us are planning to stay another year to try and make up for the loss of the others. It is well-known that to punish us is a heart-breaking task for our tender-hearted teachers so we are sent across the hall to the office, which is so conveniently close at hand. But this seldom happens, because our misdemeanours are so few and far between. So to those who would be bright and the pride of their teachers, come to us for lessons in that science we know so little about—ethics. My Virgil 'tis of thee, Short road to lunacy; O'er thee I rave. Another month or so, Of Studying this, I know Will send me straight below Into my grave.

D. Durst, 4A.

In 4A there's a boy M. King,
He thinks he's a crooner like
"Bing."

How our patience he tries,
So we smother our sighs,
'Cause we know that he really
can't sing.

WANTED: One strong muzzle
or silence, by Miss F. Ross
for J. McCardle. (To be used
before nine o'clock and one-
thirty.)

LOST: 1 perfectly good tongue,
from excessive wagging.
Finder please return to M.
McMillan, 4A.

In 4A there's a Mr. S. Pope,
Of our class he's the pride, and
we hope

That he will not fail us
Though teachers bewail us
Because with our work we can't
cope.

There once was a girl so be-
nighted,
She never knew when she was
slighted,
She could go to a party,
And eat just as hearty,
As if she'd been really invited.

Miss McQueen: Please state
the difference between the words
"result" and "consequence."

M. King (knowingly): Results
are what you expect, and conse-
quences are what you get.

D. Durst (to M. Ward): Do you
know that that little dog you've
got there bit me on the ankle?

Ward: Well, what of it? You
surely couldn't expect a little
dog like that to bite you on the
neck, could you?

Mr. Adamson: What are cal-
ories?

D. Hollingworth: Oh, I've
heard his band on the radio.

Mr. A.: You've what?

D. H.: Yes. Calorie and
Paul Vitamin's too.

Parsley, parsley everywhere,
On my daily bill of fare.
See that kippered herring staring
At the silly sprig he's wearing.
Be it steak or creamed potatoes,
Oyster plant or grilled tomatoes,
Squash or scrambled eggs or
scrad—

Each must wear its little wad;
Each must huddle underneath
Its accursed parsley wreath.
Parsley, parsley, everywhere.
Darn! I want my victuals bare.

(Not original.)

G. Rogers: Did you ever see a
little bird with a big bill?

G. Jocelyn: Yes, I once ordered
quail on toast in a fashionable
restaurant.

Mr. Fuller (recounting a tedi-
ous story): And then the big
brute threatened to blow my
brains out.

A voice from the back: And
did he?

D. Hollingworth (to a little
boy at Park gate on King St.):
Can you tell me if I can get
through this gate to the park?

Little boy: I guess so. A load
of hay just went through.

She: My dad gives me a dollar
every birthday. I have seven-
teen dollars now.

He: How much does he owe
you?

Jean Collins: Well Audrey, I
hear you've started slimming.

A. Couche: Yes. My aunt died
and she left me a pretty dress,
but she was so small!

"There's always a tie between
father and son," the speaker told
the class.

An irate father, glaring at R.
Fraser, "And you can bet the son
is wearing it."

M. King: The clothes my tailor
makes last for years. Look at
that blue serge suit of mine.
There's an example.

McCardle: Yes, a shining ex-
ample.

**HOW DO WE KNOW THAT
SPRING IS HERE?***By Doris Forbes, 4B.*

Ordinary prophets, talk of
equinoctial gales, hoar frosts and
the return of crows and robins,
as signs of spring. But we of
the Collegiate Institute, have our
own methods of forecasting that
event which have stood the test
of years.

The fair sex at the Collegiate
are casting longing eyes at the
milliners' windows these days.
The boys are skipping basketball
and hockey practice and drag-
ging reluctantly homeward to
beat rugs and clean the cellar.

There is no doubt that Spring
is in the air when Mr. Bisson-
nette begins to commandeer
every available dish in the school
in preparation for the annual
rush in frogs' eggs. We have
heard from reliable authority
that Mr. Sprung was seen cast-
ing longing glances at a yellow
sports roadster in the show win-
dow of a sales room. Mr. Priest's
car has shown signs of spring
growing pains and has actually
increased two inches in size.

Country pupils spend the noon-
hour comparing notes on the
arrival of spring lambs, the run
of sap in sugar-bushes and the
arrival of spring chickens.

Another indication of spring
is the hordes of small children
whom we see with noses pressed
flat against the glass of con-
fectioners' windows, gazing in
round-eyed wonder at the Easter
creations in chocolate. The
spring deluge of roller skates,
skipping ropes and marbles has
descended upon the city.

Florists' windows are blossom-
ing forth in pots of spring flow-
ers, daffodils, tulips and hyac-
inths.

And—last, but not least, June
examinations are just three
months away!

CELEBRITIES OF 4C.

The students of 4C took their
part in almost every branch of
school life this year and were
successful in bringing some of
the honours to the form.

Mary Harrison won equal hon-
ours with Florence Zulauf for

the Senior Girls' Championship runner-up for the (Junior) Inter-runner-up for the (Junior) Intermediate Boys' Championship. H. Furlong B. Linley, J. Preston, M. Graham were either on the rugby or the hockey team. 4C was certainly proud of her sportsmen.

Lorne Small and Don Savage, both violinists played in the school orchestra, which, by the way, was a credit to the Collegiate this year. Several of the boys and girls were in the "Glee Club."

Ernie Long did especially well in Mr. Bryan's shooting classes obtaining at one time 98 out of 100 marks.

In the annual oratorical contests Phyllis Thompson and David Holmes were the representatives. Phyllis carried off first prize; she also took part in the school play in the role of Mrs. McSpadden.

Marjorie Clark and Jean Hope both took part in the Festival.

I think this is ample proof of 4C outside interests being crowned with success, and I think it is also a good record for a fourth form.

WE OFTEN WONDER WHY
Marjorie Harris enjoys the walk from 4C to 3A?

How Anna Roberts measures a gram?

What attraction the table in the lab. has for Al Furlong?

How tacks rest serenely on the seats of the desks?

Why Marjorie Clark admires the nightingale?

Why Alma doesn't like June in January?

Where Bill Manning gets his knitting practice?

Why Linley wants to be a mechanic?

Why 4C has such a "good" reputation?

For answers—apply to above named.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Wanted

Somebody to do the homework of Ken. Cunningham who has neither the time nor the ambition.

Please apply at once.

Ken. Cunningham, 4C.

Wanted

A soft siphon for Phyllis Thompson during Chemistry periods.

Apply Mr. Adamson, 4C.

Wanted

A lie-detector to see who really put the tack on Anna's desk.

Apply Mr. Burnett, 3A.

Wanted

A few substantial wooden legs, nicely carved.

Apply A. Cameron and M. Harris, 4C.

THIRDS

Step right up this way, ladies and gentlemen! See the best wax works in town! These figures in their youth comprised the marvellous form of 3A in the 1936-37 term! See their effigies in wax as they were later in life when they reached the height of their prominence.

Here is Mr. Bissonnette, their mathematical instructor, who in his very best mathematical manner versed them in that branch of arithmetical analysis known as the science of algebra.

Next we have Angus Campbell, theologist and taxidermist, who valiantly struggled with the great theory, "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other."

Then there is Ruth Colclough, culinary expert, whose recipe for "Miel cake" (honey to you) was her world acclaim. The recipe: 2 cups flour; 2 cups baking powder; 2 cups flour; 2 cups butter; 2 eggs not beaten; 2 cups honey and molasses mixed; 2 cups flour.

Next there is Donald Doherty, that noted designer of feminine fashions, who was made famous by his inspiration of slipping a gold kid waistcoat, bordered with bright blue, over a black short-sleeved dinner dress, with a velvet cape in a changeable orange and blue adequately covering the gown.

The next figure represents Mildred Capper who became Baroness Sillie de Willy who was notorious for her exclusive dinners and private yachts.

And Raymond Frost, the crooner, made more hearts than one flutter when he sang his famous "Song for the Dessert."

Here is Gilbert Gillies, stock broker, who because of his wonderful gift at mathematics (he always got 100 in Geometry) was enabled to make and lose fortunes daily by issuing a stock sheet, which told what the stocks would sell at to-morrow instead of merely what they sold at today.

Now there is Ken Anderson who became a radio announcer. His wife made an account of everything he said: "Short History of Anderson Sayings," complete in two hundred volumes. A sample:—"Here we are, home again! Hello, wifey! Oh, what a sweet little wifey! Has she got everything! Oh my, is this fun! What a riot! What a wife! Here's dinner, and what a dinner. Are we enjoying ourselves! Are we! I'll say!"

A large crowd is gathered around a magnificent wax figure crowned with sleek blonde hair. She won distinction in the literary world as a great editor. For sixty-seven years she toiled upon a stupendous anthology which she completed in her ninety-ninth year. It consisted of thirty-seven enormous volumes and bears the title, "The Library of Useless Knowledge" by Nora Dorland.

On the statue of Frank Bailey, the politician, is an appreciation: "His mind was open as everyone knew, But his mind was vacant. Oh! too true! This must have been known because they sent Friend Bailey to the High School Parliament."

In a prominent corner, concealed behind a door stands the figure of a great scientist, Professor Charles Dunham, P. H. D., P. D. Q. His great contribution to nature study was a volume entitled "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers." The leading articles were "How to Tell a Lark from a Larkspur" and "How to Tell a Sparrow from Sparrowgrass."

A group of young girls is gazing in a speechless ecstasy of admiration at the statue of Will Eckert, the famous astronomer of the twentieth century, who planet-ed little moonflowers in his garden in the hope of raising baby moons on which to experiment.

The young man represented in the Napoleonic attitude is Lloyd Gilroy. He was the best demonstrator of "Take-Off" corn-plasters and bunion reducers.

A bent figure carrying a spade is Ken Farrow, who had high banking ambitions, but who turned out to be the fastest ditch-digger that ever lived.

The long-haired figure in the thread-bare coat is Bob Appel, poet laureate, noted for his love lyrics. He visited the jail at the height of his career to give the poor prisoners a sample of good literature. The prisoners were summoned in from breaking stone to listen to his poetry. After hearing five of his lyrics they all rose and implored the guards "Take us back to the stone quarries."

This august statue clad in sombre black commemorates David Benner, an undertaker, who bravely undertook to bury all international feuds.

JUNIOR



SECTION

FORM 2A. TEACHER—MR. CHISHOLM**GIRLS**

Audrey Appel, Ruth Arbogast, Elva Baker, Marie Bart, Ruth Bennetto, Rose Betts, Marie Billo, Doris Bradshaw, Cora Brear, Shirley Bushfield, Cynthia Carter, Lois Cash, Margaret Commerford, Lois Connor, Leolo Cook, Dorothy Cross, Doreen Cunningham, Rosamund Cunningham, Irene Went, Helen Drinkall, Dorothy Dunseith.

BOYS

Douglas Abraham, Stanley Aspinall, Ross Ballantyne, George Barker, Arthur Bartlett, Alan Bolduc, Hugh Bolduc, Robert Brayne, Douglas Buckley, Leonard Butson, Frank Cahill, Bryce Calcott, Harold Calvert, Norman Carnegie, William Carter, Randall Casson, Fred Colclough, Wesley Coleman, John Coles, Raymond Cook, Douglas Cosens, Fred Davis, Jack Davis, Frank Dockrill, Robert Dodds.

FORM 2B—MISS M. ROSS**GIRLS**

Rachel Ellis, Helen Etherington, Ruth Farmer, Dorothy Farrell, Shirley Feick, Marjorie Finch, Jean French, Jean Garner, Evelyn Gatenby, Thelma Gaul, Reta Gerofsky, Margaret Goettler, Margaret Graff, Irene Griffin, Doris Harloff, Peggy Harwood, Jessiemae Haynes, Aileen Hewitt, Adelaide Hoffman, Margaret Holman.

BOYS

Leon DuCharme, Samuel Dunseith, Douglas Edmonds, Albert Evans, Kenneth Farmer, Wilbert Finch, Charles Forbeck, Floyd Freeman, George Garner, George Gee, George Goettler, Roy Goodyear, William Grey, Glenn Harris, George Harrison, Kenneth Harrison, Caspar Hayes, Frederick Heimrich, George Herbert, William Hider.

FORM 2C—MR. BISSONNETTE**GIRLS**

Betty Hoyle, Alma Huff, Jean Isbister, Joy Jolliffe, Gladys Jones, Dorothy Kastner, Oline Killoran, Dorothy Kilpatrick, June King, Cora Klein, Gladys

Lee, Dorothy Leutchford, Grace Lindsay, Jean Long, Doris Loomis, Doris Macpherson.

BOYS

Clarence Homuth, George Hunt, Charles Inglis, Donald Jackson, William Jarret, Frank Johnson, Lawrence Joyce, Raymond King, William Klopp, Bernard Krakofsky, George Lamont, Kenneth Lantz, Ralph Lince, Stanley Lingard, Norman McAtee, Neil McConnell, Duncan McFaden, Frank McNamara.

FORM 2D—MISS MCGREGOR**GIRLS**

Reta McCaffery, Barbara McCarthy, Loretta McCauley, Winifred McCullough, Beatrice McDonald, Ruth Markle, Margaret Morrice, Isabel Murray, Doris Near, Melba Neff, Anne Packham, Otilie Pearce, Bette Peters, Helen Pickering, Mary Pigeon, Barbara Reid, Stella Riehl.

BOYS

Alex. Manson, Frank Marshall, Robert Montgomery, Delmar Mott, Harold Murphy, Don Murray, William Nelson, Robert Nicol, Clemens Ohler, Ronald Parkinson, Harold Paul, Harry Pelow, Stanley Press, James Preston, George Richards, Karl Riehl, John Roberts, Edward Rolands, Douglas Salter.

FORM 2E.—MR. DOUGLAS**GIRLS**

Shirley Ross, Hazel Roth, Carol Sayers, Helen Schmidt, Marian Schmidt, Margaret Sebben, Mildred Seltzer, Owana Sewell, Bernice Siegner, Jean Sippel, Marian Skinner, Elsie Smith, Glorine Thayer, Jean Thompson, Helen Tough, Marjorie Tough, Norma Tont, Evelyn Wardell, Joan Wilkie, Ellen Woodward, Muriel Young.

BOYS

Norman Sanderson, Arthur Seager, Bruce Shivas, James Shurrie, Douglas Smith, William Somars, John Southam, Kenneth Stewart, Ernest Taylor, Nelson Tieman, George Trethewey, John Warren, John Wierterson, Kenneth Wildgust, George Wilkin, Charles Williams, Leonard Williams, Henry Wisby, William Wreford, James Wrennick, Randolph Young.

IA GENERAL—MR. H. R. SINCLAIR**GIRLS:**

Doreen Allen, Doris Appel, Alice Arthur, Violet Asher, Edith Bailey, Myrtle Bannister, Joan Bartlett, Shirley Bell, Phyllis Bexon, Edna Blum, Joyce Brock, Marian Brown, Elaine Buchner, Catherine Buckley, Florence Calvert, Bernice Carr, Mary Conroy, Audrey Damm, Elizabeth Davis.

BOYS:

Cecil Agar, Gordon Anderson, Walter Aspinall, Thomas Baillie, Robert Bannerman, Francis Bannon, Jerome Bannon, Kenneth Barss, George Bart, Harold Bart, Mervyn Beckner, David Beltz, Donald Betts, Howard Bexton, John Bird, Jack Bridges, Donald Brown, Joseph Brugge-man, Allen Bryant, Norman Buckingham, George Burling, Robert Burt, Clayton Byrick, Louis Campbell, Leonard Carter, Clifford Challenger, Howard Chapman, Richard Clark.

FORM 1B—MR. D. N. ROOT**GIRLS:**

Edith Dean, Marie Dixon, Ruth Doadt, Nora Douglas, Alice Doxey, Betty Dunseith, Isabel Easun, Doris Elliot, Muriel Erb, Olive Ford, Mary Forster, Florence Foster, Dorothy Fraser, June Gillis, Jean Glazier, Margaret Grainger, Marjorie Gray.

BOYS:

Thomas Clarke, Percy Coe, William Coe, Carson Cook, Edward Cree, Jack Dahm, Lloyd Davey, Duncan Davidson, Crosby Deacon, Bill De La Franier, James De La Franier, Raymond De La Franier, Carman Dickinson, Kenneth Dobson, Vernon Douglas, Gordon Double, Robert Ducharme, Kenneth Ducharme, Fred Duncan, Joe Durand, Graff Durst, David Easun, Hugh Easun, Joseph Emm, David Erb, Harold Farrant.

FORM 1C TEACHER—MR. O'LEARY**GIRLS:**

Beth Hamilton, Margaret Hanley, Nora Harris, Marjorie Haveling, Ruth Hawes, Mae Hewett, Alma Hingston, Janie Hislop, Shirley Holmes, Lucy Hoyle, Muriel Hutchison, Jessie

Jackson, Marion Jasper, Marion Kalbfleisch, Rosalia Kappele, May Kennard, Sheila Kennedy, Gertrude Kinkade, Beatrice Kruspe, May Landers, Ethel Lowe, Jean MacInnis.

BOYS:

Clarence Finch, Kenneth Finch, Lloyd Finlay, Norman Ford, Herman Frank, Wilbert Fraser, Robert Game, Robert Gibb, Harold Gilbert, Jack Glabb, Fred Gladding, Howard Good-year, Nelson Griffin, Gerald Hall, Leon Hall, Walter Hansford, Allan Heagy, Lavern Hesse, Charles Hider, John Hillis, Howard Hobson, Alfred Huffman, Orval Huffman, Orval Huras, Douglas Johns, Donald Jones, Douglas Jones, Frank Kane, Fred Kane, Edwin Keane, Arthur Kennedy.

ID GENERAL—MR. J. W. CRAWFORD

GIRLS:

Orell MacKenzie, Olive McKenzie, Audrey McNamara, Patricia McNamara, Yvonne McTavish, Audrey Mann, Dorothy Mann, Mary Manson, Winnifred Marks, Christine Matheson, Laverne Matthews, Constance Maynard, Jean Menzies, Jean Morrison, Marjorie Murray, Delphine Noll, Estella Oldaker, Doris

Pauli, Carol Pinner, Isabel Powell, Marion Pratt.

BOYS:

Douglas Kinch, Fred Knowles, Edward Kunder, Kenneth Landers, Jack Lawson, James Lawson, Lloyd Levy, Edward Lowe, Harold Love, Angus MacInnes, Archie MacMillan, Donald McFarlane, Douglas McGuire, Felix McKeough, William McMeekan, Ronald McTavish, John Maltby, Frank Mark, Gordon Master, Donald Matheson, William Matheson, John Mavity, William Mavity, Alex Millar, Jack Milliken, William Moorehead, Bernard Morris, Keith Morris, Dennis Morris, Ernest Mott, William Mountain, Kenneth Murray.

FORM 1E TEACHER—MR. KELLETT

GIRLS:

Grace Rawling, Margaret Reed, Elizabeth Reeves, Emily Rose, Dorothy Ryan, Pearl Schweitzer, Dorothy Scott, Hazel Senior, Helen Skirten, Marion Sloan, Bernice Standen, Gertrude Stewart, Joan Strasser, Jean Stratton, Shirley Swatridge.

BOYS:

Kenneth Nil, Edward Noll, Kenneth Oliver, William O'Loughlin, Edward Oswald, Donald Patterson, John Pigeon,

Kenneth Pope, William Pratt, Raymond Prike, Edgar Reinhart, Maurice Reinhart, Wilfred Riehl, Harold Ross, Jerome Rumig, James Runciman, Timothy Ryan, George Sava, Ewart Scheck, Lloyd Schmidt, Kenneth Sebben, John Shaw, Edward Sheard, Burton Siegner, Kenneth Smab, Robert Small.

FORM IF TEACHER—MISS DALE

GIRLS:

Eileen Taylor, Marion Taylor, Gorda Thistle, June Thompson, Joan Thomson, Margaret Tolton, Betty Tomlinson, Isobel Trueman, Naomi Waddington, Ruth Waters, Dorothy Weis, Evelyn Wilson.

BOYS:

Waldimar Sass, William Smith, Charles Smith, Leslie Smith, Jack Sproat, Kenneth Steffen, Joe Storey, Douglas Strasser, Paul Thomas, Stanley Tidey, Harry Tribick, Matthew Tuck-Joe Storey, Douglas Strasser, Paul Thomas, Stanley Tidey, Harry Tribick, Matthew Tuckwood, Alec Turnbull, Robert Turnbull, Robert Voyce, Vincent Vrooman, Hamilton Walsh, Morley Wilbee, Jack Wildgust, Robert Williamson, Leonard Wilson, Frank Wraith, Kenneth Yeandle.

Junior News

Everything had been running so smoothly in IIB during Miss McGregor's Grammar period, that, presently, we discovered a modern Rip Van Winkle in our midst. Smothered laughter and excited giggles lent variety to the remainder of the lesson, for the sleeper must be allowed to take his rest. Ken. Harrison suggested that we sing "Sleep My Pretty One." However, the "pretty one" was left undisturbed till Glen Harris carelessly closed the door in returning to the room near the end of the period, when Rip Van Sam came to, much surprised to find the interest of the class focused on him.

"Kenneth, did you take your teaspoon of Lux last night, before you said your prayers?" is a frequent question of Miss M. Ross. The slouching form of Ken. Harrison has attracted our teacher's attention, and she has prescribed a nightly dose of Lux to prevent shrinking. As no improvement has been noticed, the dose has been increased to one tablespoon.

Sixty-six

Some of us stay here longer than others. We have figured it out that if Coleman had passed a quarter of the times he has failed, he would have graduated with the class of '97. We have also discovered that the number of times he has been caught chewing gum divided by four times the number of notes he passes to Ruth Arbogast, each period, is equal to the poundage required to lift Mt. Everest over the Woolworth Building.

In the wonderful form of 1A
Two girls sit and talk all the day,
They make a great noise
And flirt with the boys,
Joan and Joyce are their names,
so they say.

Mr. Sinclair—How does it happen you are late again?

Bridges—Well, there are eight in our family and the alarm clock was only set for seven.

There's a splendid old school on the hill,
With pride it doth all of us fill;
At a class or a game, our spirit's the same,
For we study and play with a will.

"We have and we haven't."

We have Barrs, but no prison;
We have Bird, but no feathers;
We have an Appel but no pear;
We have a Bell but no whistle;
We have a Damm and Bridges,
We have a Baker but no Bread,
We have a Carr but no chauffeur,

We have Beltz but no trousers.

Bannon kept eating the end of his ruler. Finally Miss Ross said, "Bannon, do you know what is going to happen to you?"

"No, Miss Ross," replied Bannon.

"Well, you're going to die by inches."

Miss Ross (pointing to pencil shavings under the seat)—What are those things under your desk?

Carter, blushing—My feet, Miss Ross.

Mr. Bryan—What was the greatest thing about Sir Isaac Brock?

Bright student—His memory, sir. They erected a monument to it.



"Now Barker, what would you do if you woke up one morning and smelt smoke?"

Barker: "I'd go back to sleep."

"You would?"

Barker: "Sure I would, I don't like toast."

First Former, rushing in to Mr. Bissonnette: "I saw the place where they make horses."

Mr. Biss.: "You must be mistaken."

First Former: "Well, I just saw the man finishing one. He was nailing on his last foot."

Appel: "Honestly, would you believe I bought this car second-hand?"

Waddle: "Well no,—I thought you made it yourself!"

Minister: "And in closing, Let us pray. I will ask Deacon Brown to lead."

Deacon Brown (awakening from a nap): "It isn't my lead—I dealt."

Sweet young thing (Guess who?): "If you kiss me I'll call my mother."

He: "Why call your mother? Why not your father?"

She: "Oh, he isn't as deaf as mother is!"

Dixon: "Now we're late again. Why didn't you look at your watch?"

Grainger: "I couldn't. I haven't got one."

Dixon: "Well, why didn't you look at mine?"

Grainger: "I tried to, but the pawn-shop window was frosted over."

Miss McQueen: "Now, who was the first principal of this school?"

Montgomery, (brightly): "Oh, some fellow by the name of A. D. McMIX, I saw his name on the cornerstone."

Horace (at office): "I'm not going to take Manual Training any more."

Mr. Sprung: "Why not?"

Horace: "Well, you see, the first thing Mr. Tench asked me was how tall I was, and I told him exactly three feet."

Mr. Sprung: "Well, that's no reason for wishing to drop the subject. Didn't you like the question?"

Horace: "Well, I didn't mind that so much, but what I object is being perched up every five minutes and used as a three-foot rule."

Mr. Adamson: "Now Heinbuch, what is the formula for water?"

Heinbuch: "H I J K L M N O."

Mr. Adamson: "What are you talking about? Who gave you that idea?"

Heinbuch: You Sir—Just yesterday you said it was H to O.

Kaufman arrived from Tavistock and seeing his first sprinkling truck remarked, "How stupid they are to think anything would grow on a paved street."

Mr. Fuller (noticing Greenwood's detailed plans for a wingless aeroplane): "But how do you expect to get it up.—How are you going to overcome the law of gravity?"

Greenwood: "Oh, that's easy! I'll just have it declared unconstitutional."

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 19)

We need only to take a look at our mother country and our fears for the future are quieted. Through all these trying circumstances, democracy has shone through like a beacon in the night. The constitutional crisis of the past year was most acute. Never before has the government of a country been called upon to deal with such a condition. Here, however, our democratic government came to the fore and coped with the situation most successfully. Yes, we have a great deal to be thankful for even in these times of hardship. We have our League of Nations to thresh out any International Disputes which may arise. This organization is doing splendid work and if wars may possibly be prevented, the League of Nations, I feel confident, will do so. Also we have a new king. The king is a man of fine character and high ideals, a good example for the empire to copy. He is diplomatic and will be an inspiration to a great nation. This in itself would not change conditions I admit, but it does help to improve our outlook which is after all, half the battle.

—R.K.

Nisbet (entering hotel): "Say, this is a swanky place."

O'Donoghue: "Well, I'll say! I even had to shave before they'd let me in the barber shop."

Dunbar (entering room): "Well, here I am, all wrapped up in my thoughts and feeling rather chilly!"

These party-line telephones are all right. The following conversation was heard:

"Hello."

"Hello."

"How are you this morning?"

"Oh, fine."

"Excuse me, I have the wrong number."

A tramp called at a house and asked for food.

Housewife: "And how would you like a nice chop?"

Tramp: "That all depends, lady—is it lamb, pork, or wood?"

She: "Last week I proposed to my boyfriend five times without avail."

Friend: "Well next time why not wear one?"

Mr. Bryan: "Now, who flew the first airplane?"

Elizabeth, (stalling for time): "Who flew the first airplane?"

Mr. Bryan: "Right!"

Elizabeth: "Wright!"

PRONUNCIATION

Though Nature's Aristocracy

Speak often of hyperbole

They're bound to get into a hole

If they pronounce it hyper-bole.

Likewise no plea avails the genius

Who mispronounces heinous heenius

And Nemesis will overtake

Even those who write a thesis

But who commit the shocking break

Of calling her Nemeesis.

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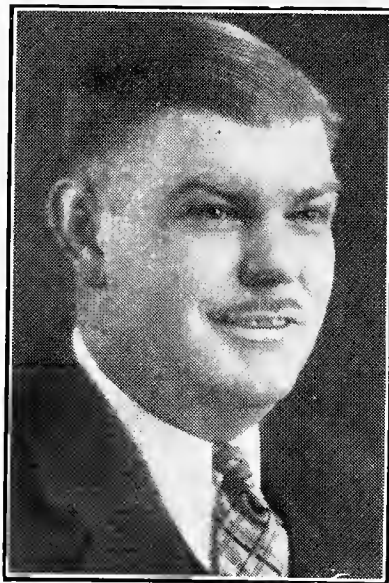
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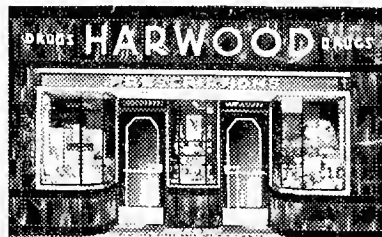
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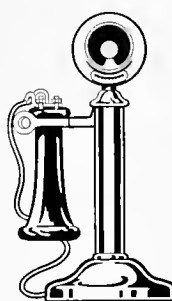
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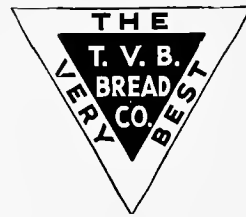
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